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TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 23

May



10c

MAD

THINK

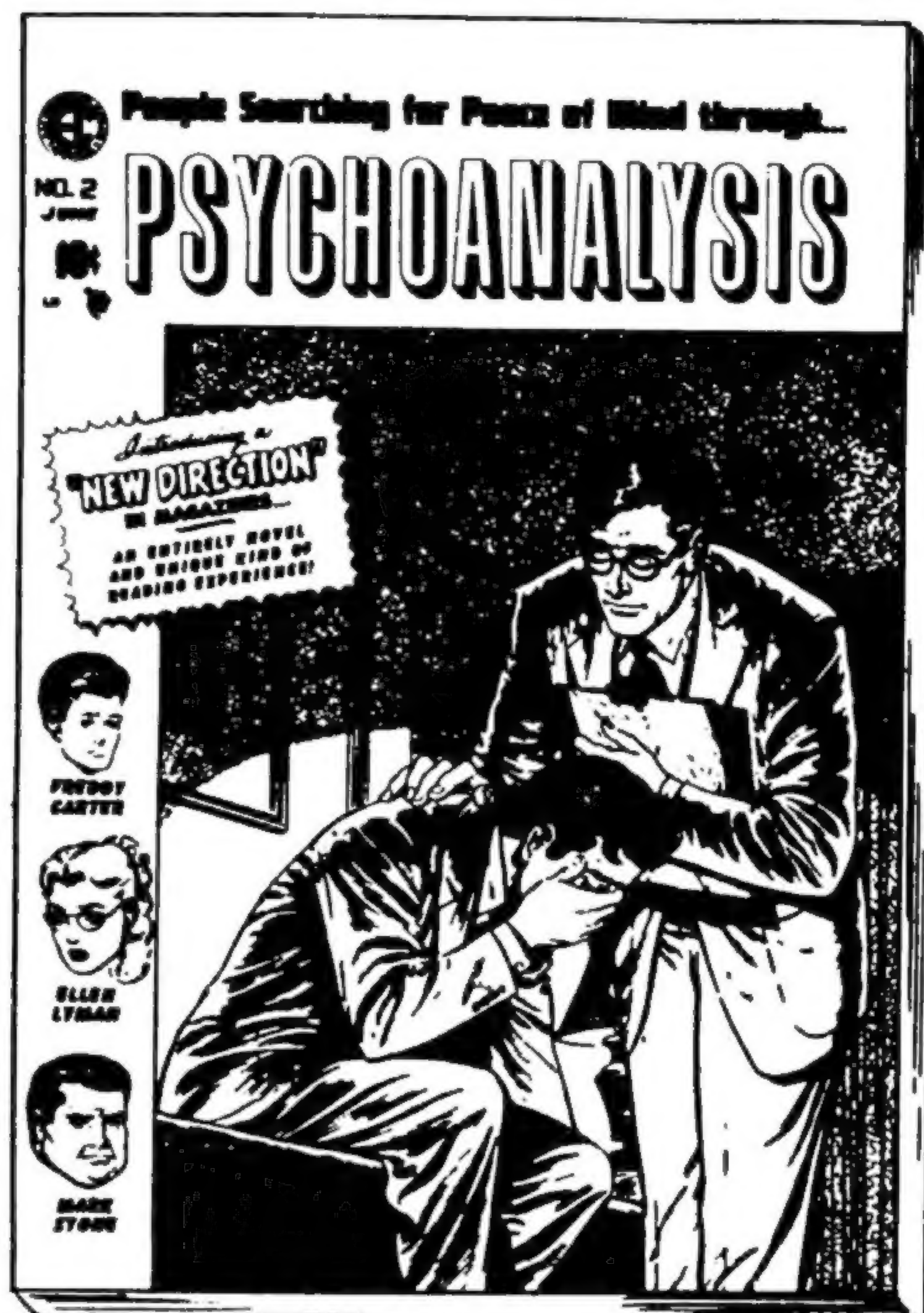
E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION"

ONE-TWO-PUNCH MAGS!

A LEFT TO THE BODY... AND A RIGHT TO THE HEAD!



STORIES OF PEOPLE SEEKING HEALTH AND HAPPINESS THROUGH THE GRIM BUT STIRRING WORLD OF REAL MEDICINE!



STORIES OF PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEACE OF MIND THROUGH THE MODERN SCIENCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO EITHER OR BOTH OF THE ABOVE MAGAZINES...OR TO ANY OTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES... FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

ENTERTAINING COMICS
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME EIGHT ISSUES OF THE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

☐ M. D. ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS

☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH

☐ VALOR ☐ PANIC

☐ EXTRA ☐ PIRACY ☐ WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY

NAME _____

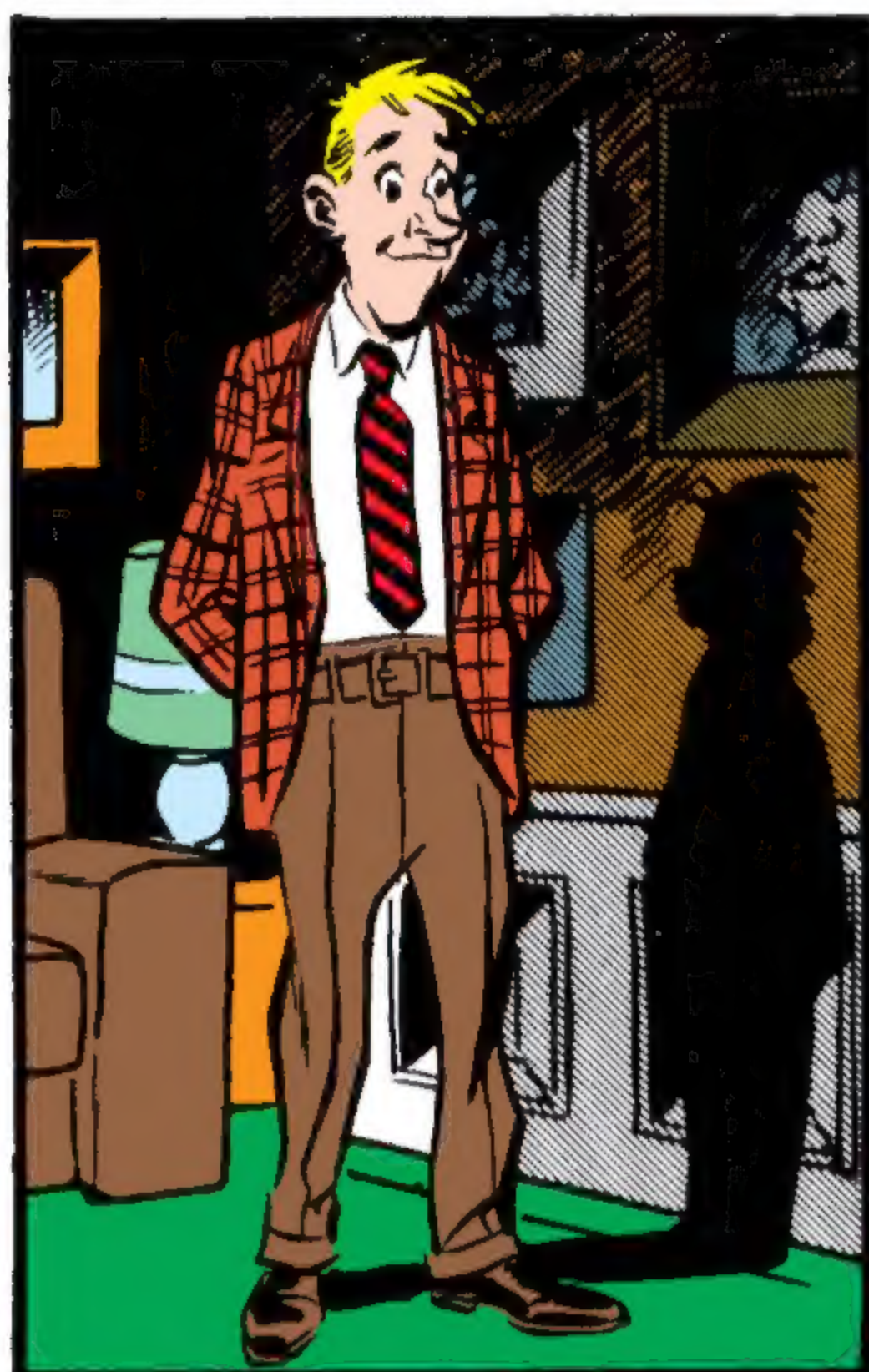
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CITY _____ ZONE No. _____

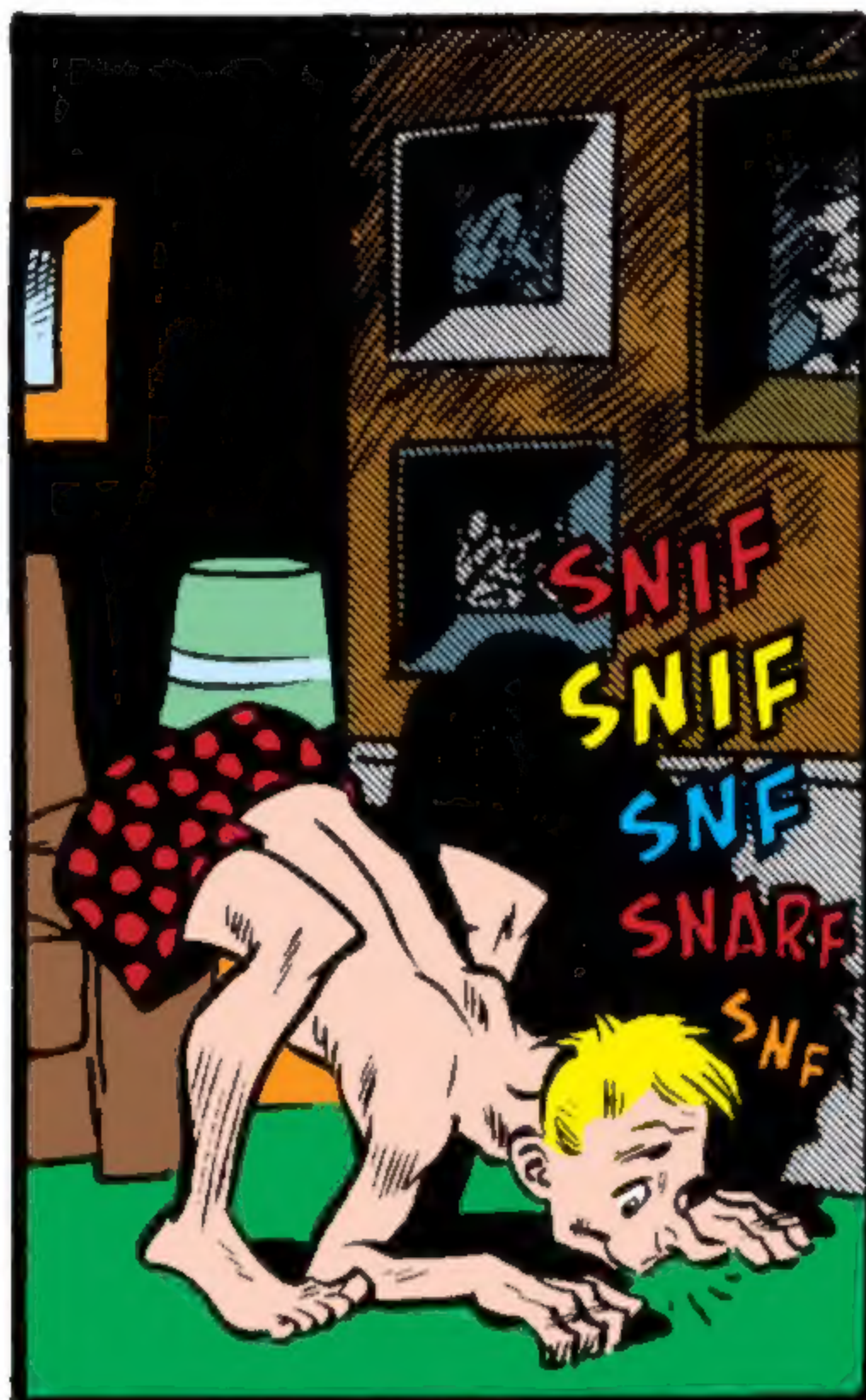
STATE _____

**very very
very very
very very
important
announcement
in the back
of the book!**

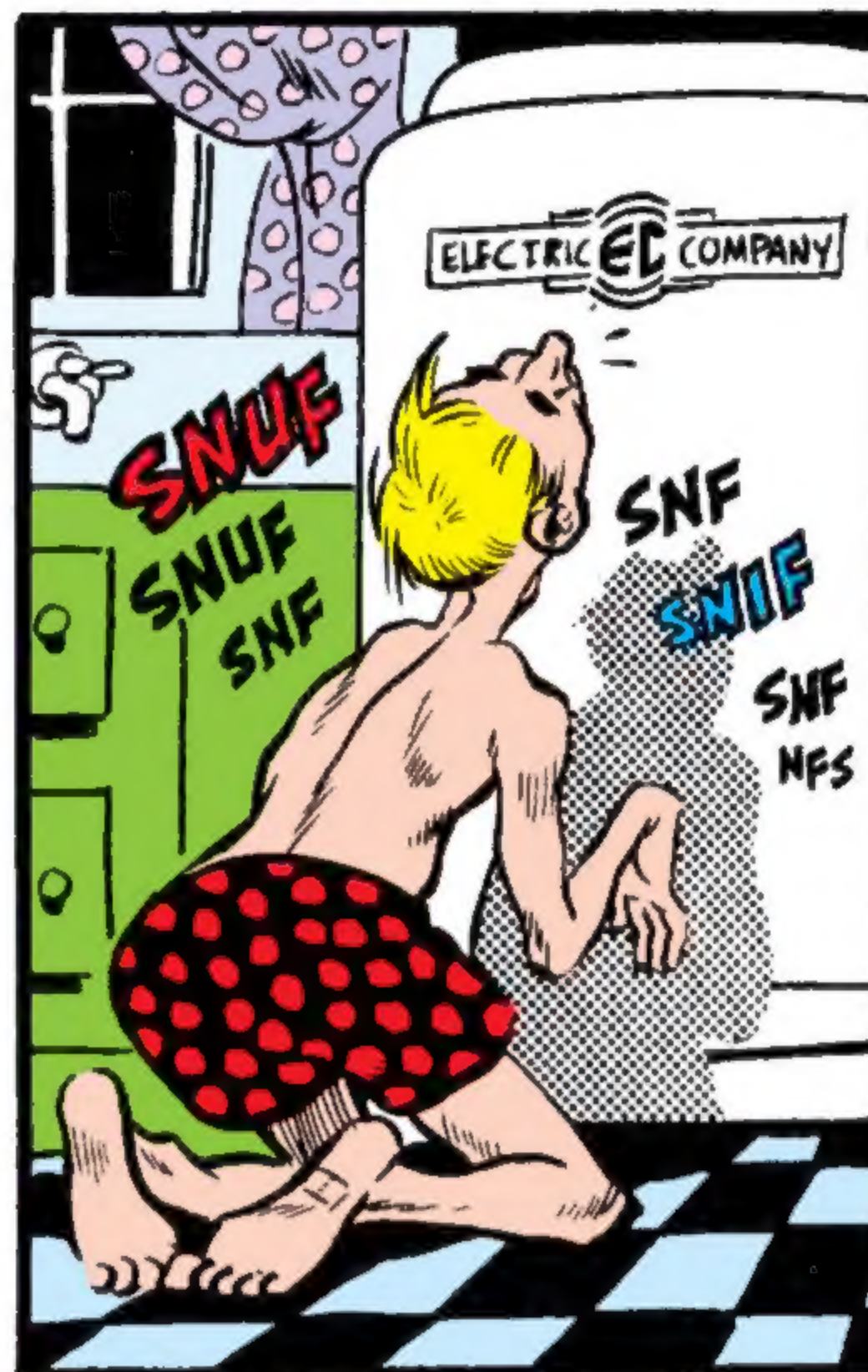
CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THE IDEA OF TAKING A REGULAR NATURAL-BORN MAN AND...



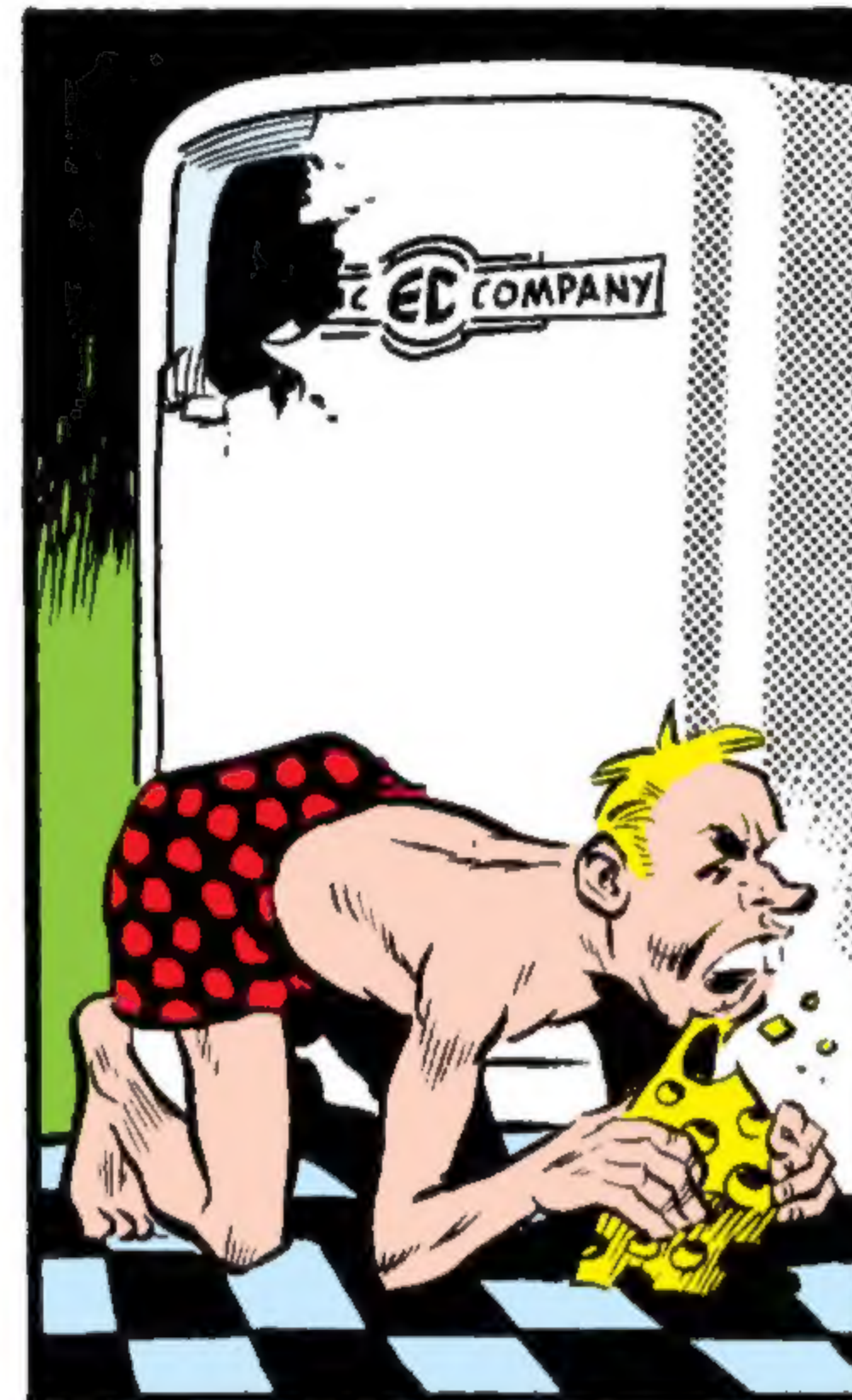
...BY SOME MAGIC, SOME-HOW MAKING HIM ACT AND DRESS LIKE A MOUSE!



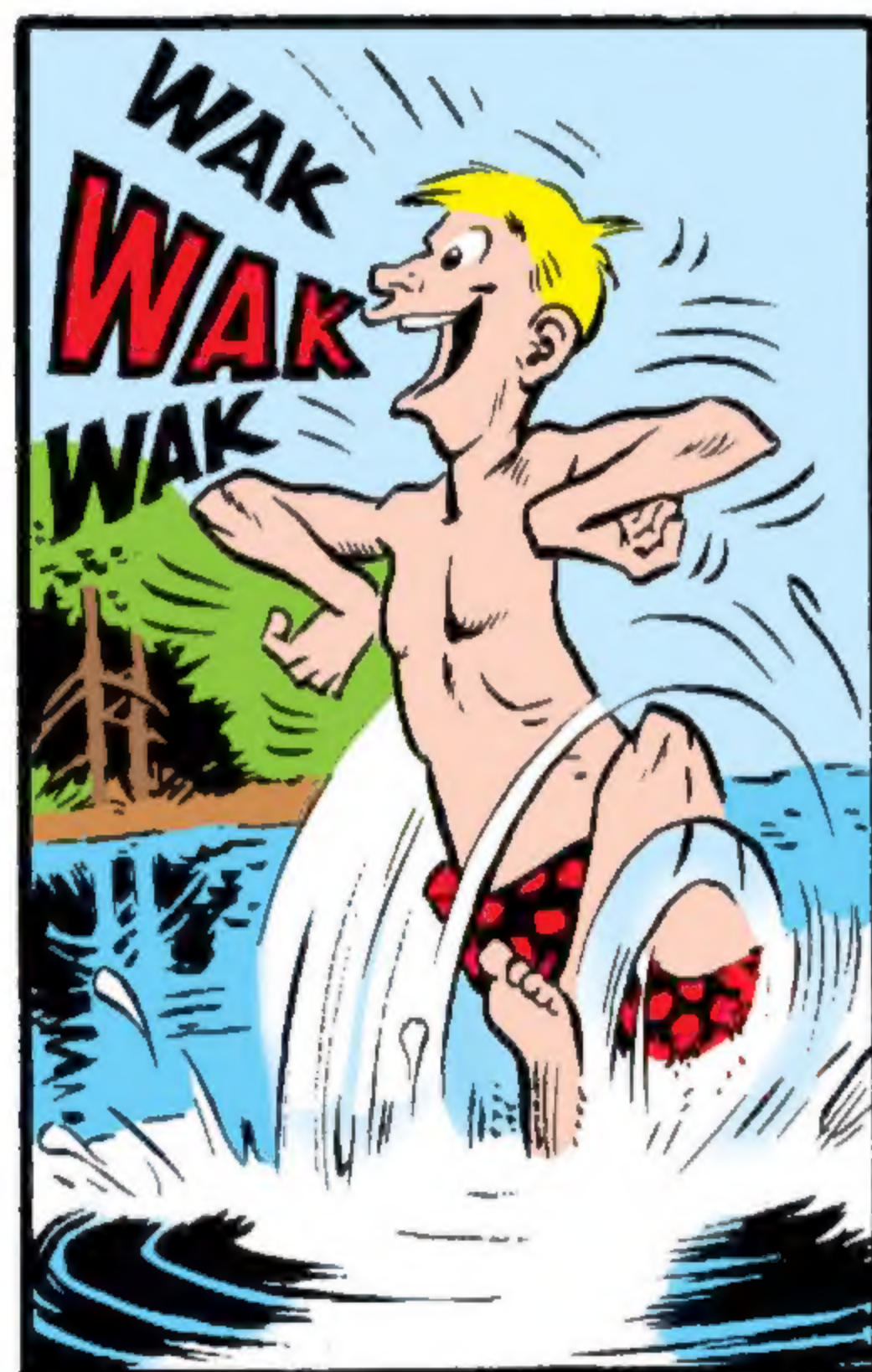
...A MOUSE WITH **PANTS**, THAT IS (IN THE INTERESTS OF DECENCY)! CONSIDER THAT!



CONSIDER HOW HE'D HAVE TO SKITTER AROUND THE HOUSE INSIDE THE WALLS AND LIKE THAT...



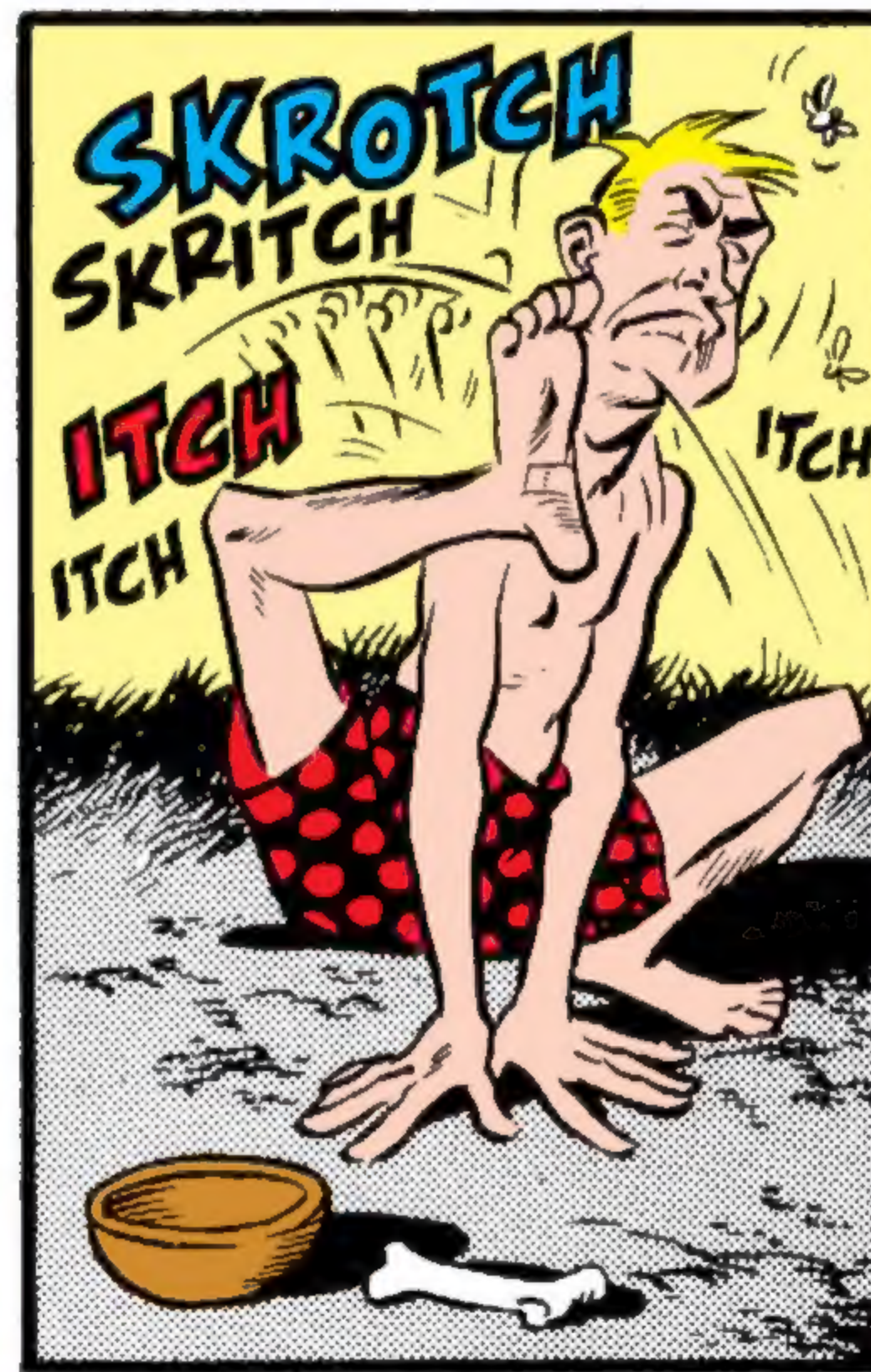
...AND CONSIDER A MAN WHO IS ACTING LIKE A DUCK WITH QUACKING INSTEAD OF TALKING!



...OR HOW'S ABOUT A MAN ACTING LIKE A RABBIT, SNIFFLING 'ROUND THE CABBAGE PATCH!



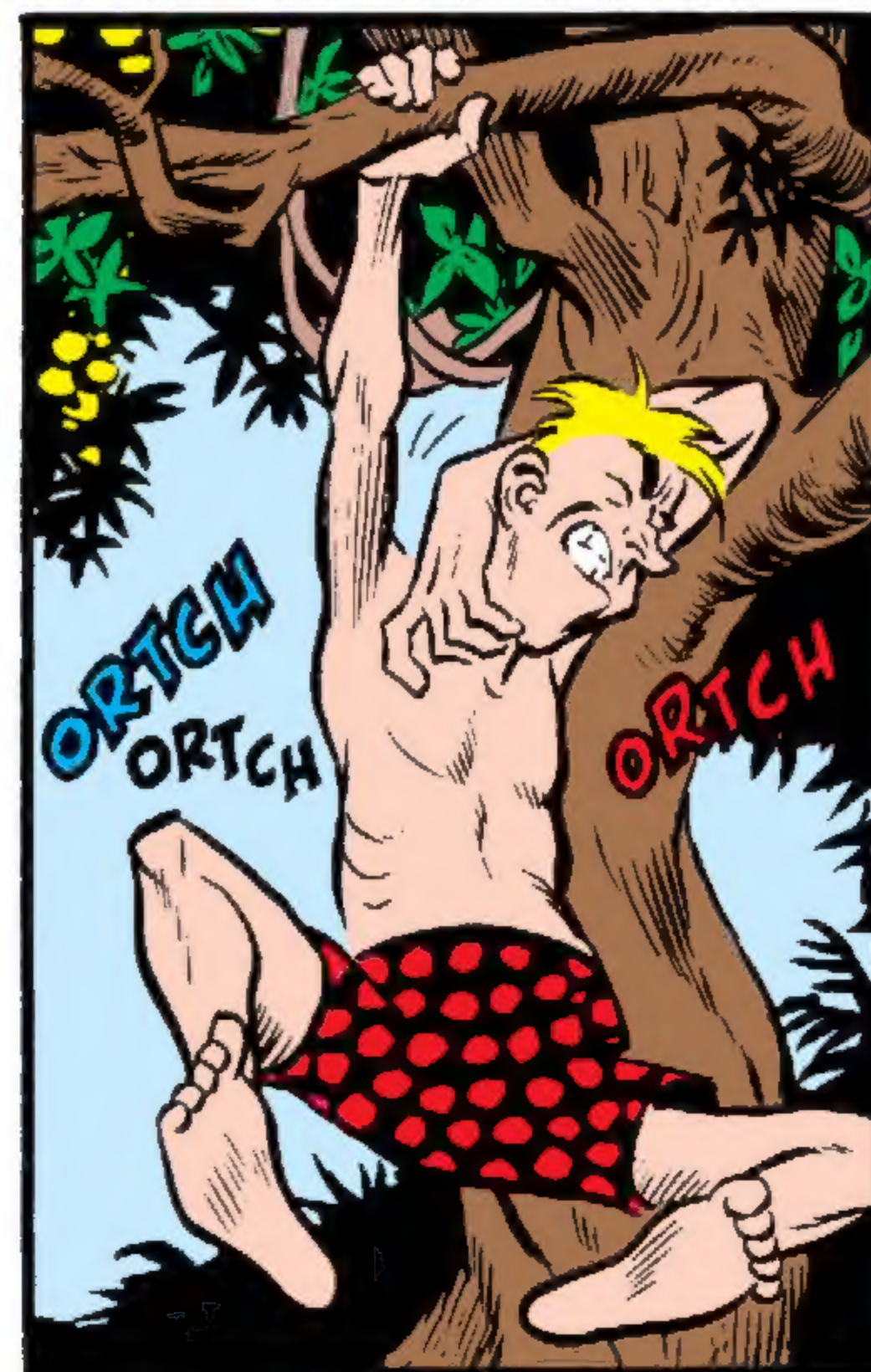
...OR HOW'S ABOUT A MAN ACTING LIKE A HOUND-DOG SCRATCHING FLEAS WITH HIS FOOT!



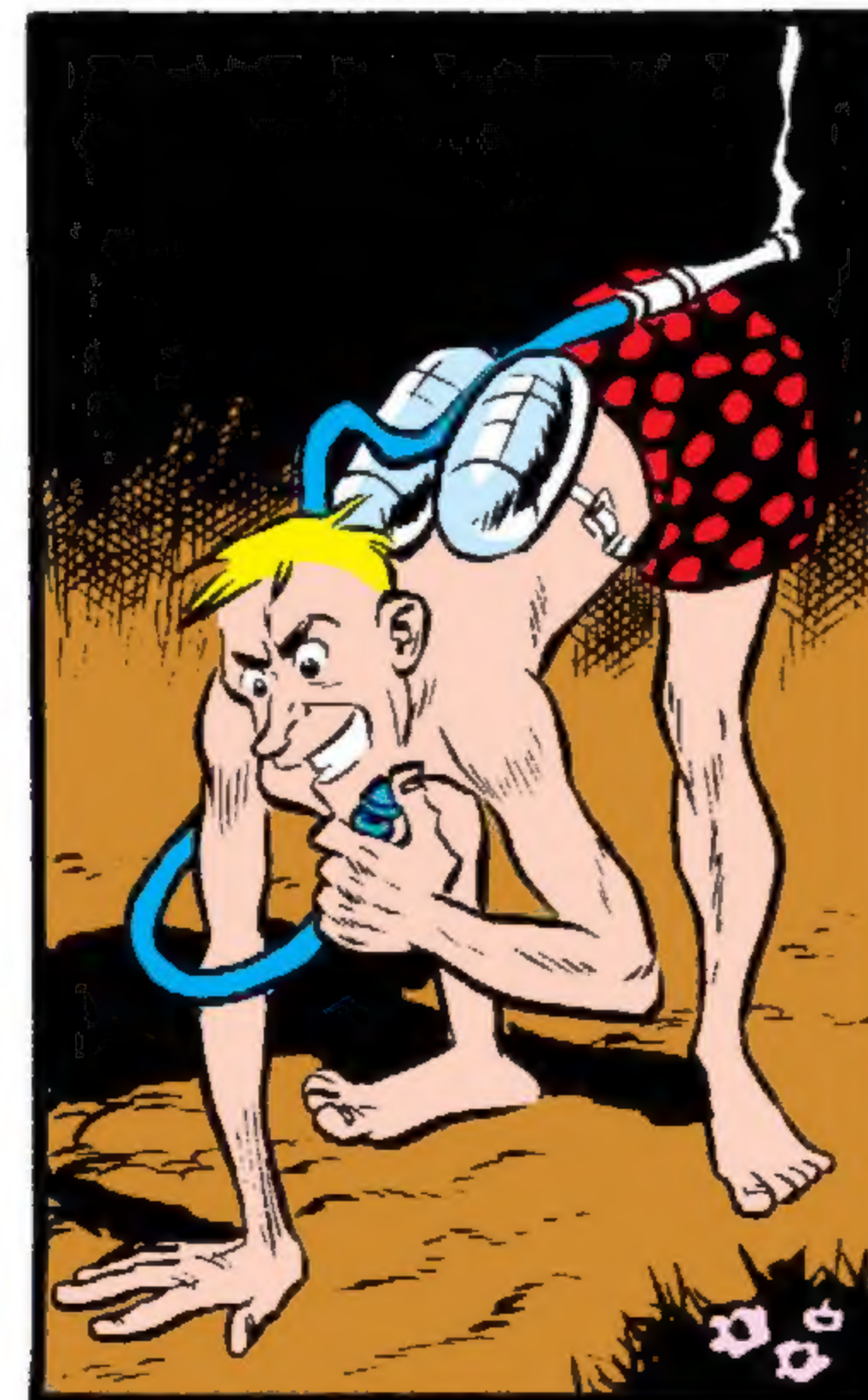
...OR HOW'S ABOUT A MAN ACTING LIKE A KANGAROO... WITH MAYBE A POUCH!



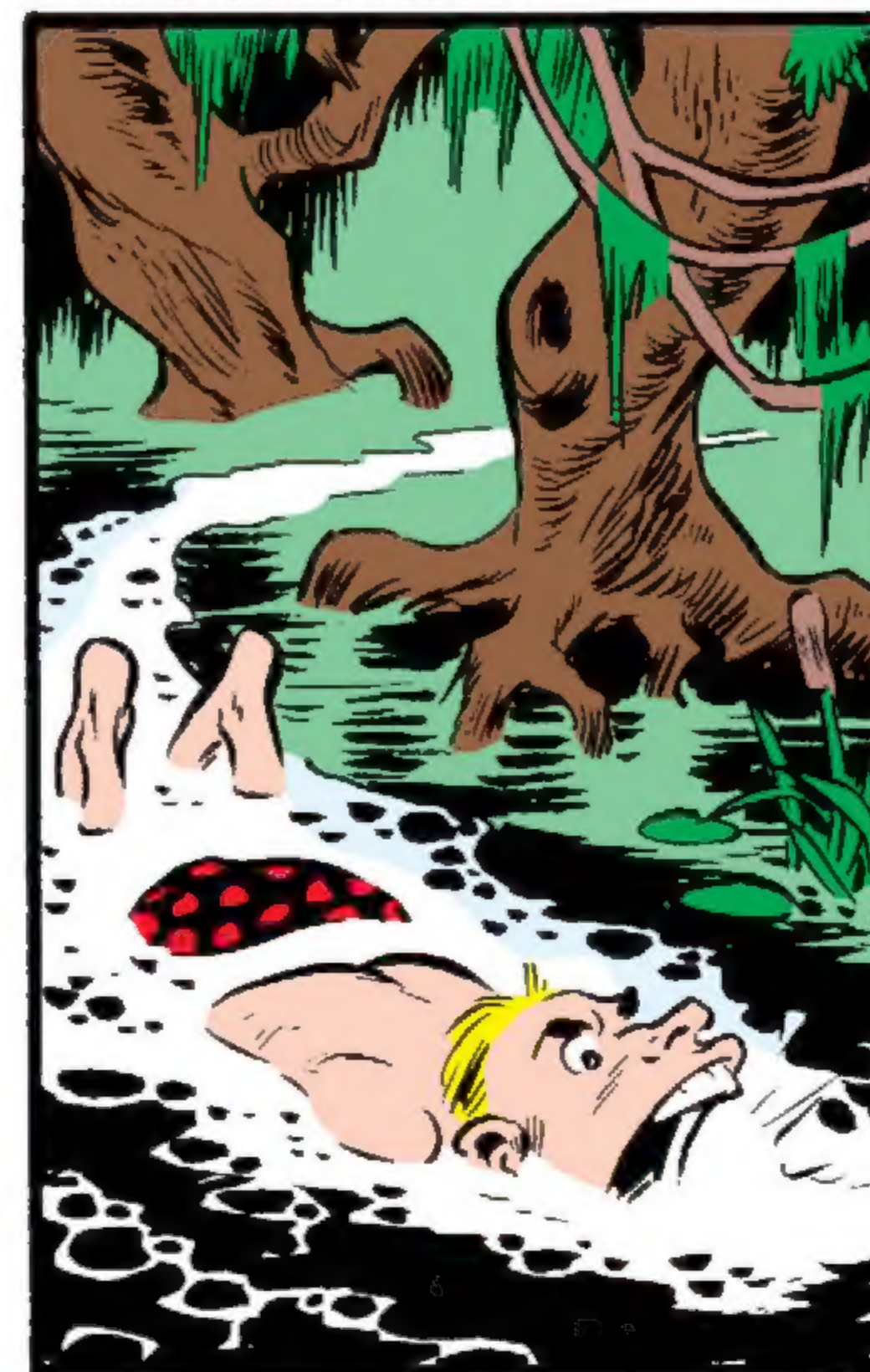
...I MEAN IF YOU CONSIDER IT, IT COULD GET PRETTY DOPEY... LIKE A MAN ACTING LIKE AN APE!



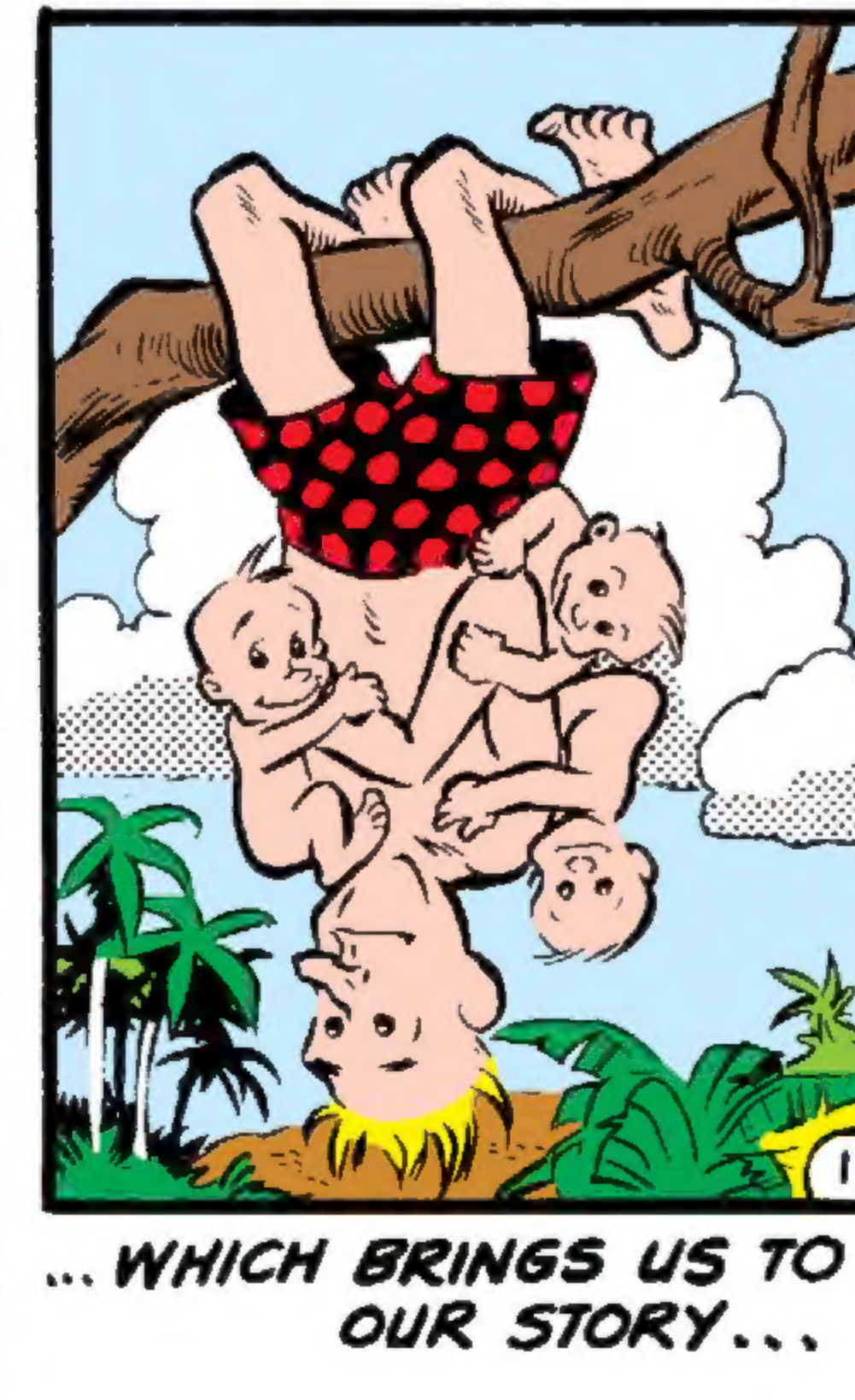
...OR SUPPOSEN A MAN ACTED LIKE A SKUNK... COMPLETE WITH ARMAMENT!



...THEN WHAT ABOUT IF HE ACTED LIKE AN ALLIGATOR SWIMMING AROUND A SWAMP..



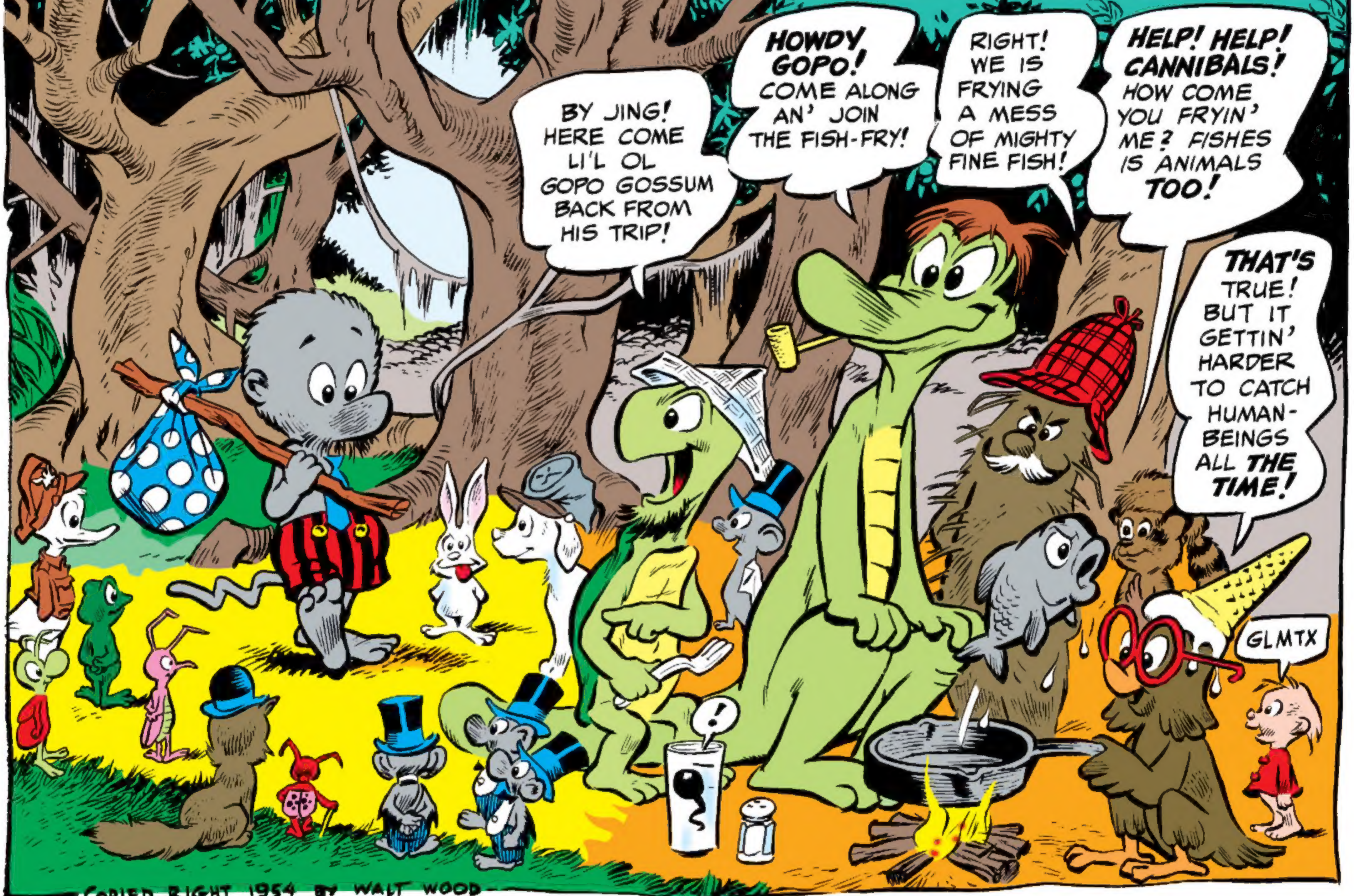
...OR MAYBE A 'POSSUM WITH THE CHILDREN HANGING ON LIKE BABY 'POSSUMS ...



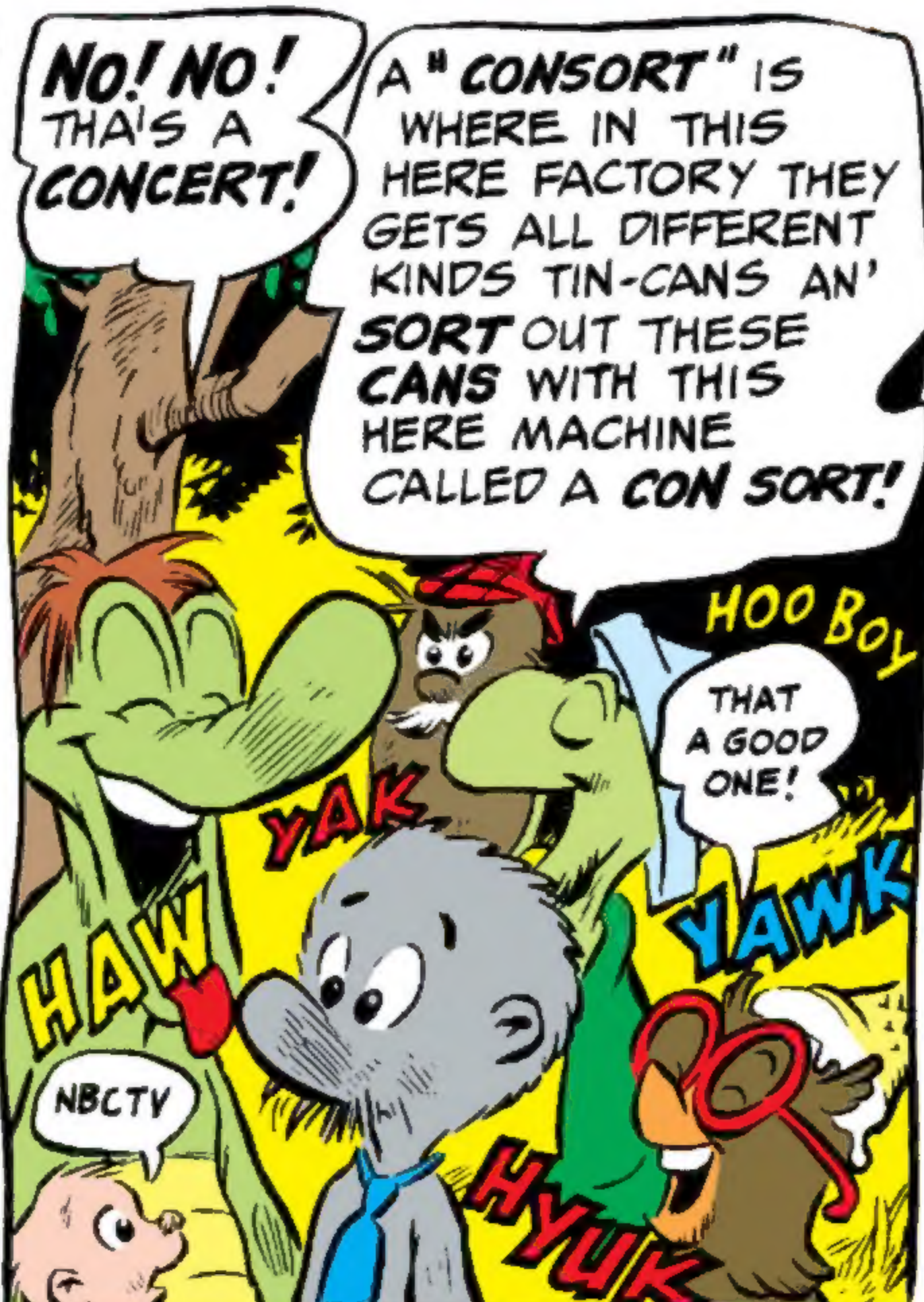
... WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR STORY...

NEWSPAPER CARTOON DEPT.: THE FOLLOWING TYPE OF STORY IS THE KIND WHERE THEY DON'T MAKE MEN ACT LIKE ANIMALS... THEY MAKE THE ANIMALS ACT LIKE MEN! NOW WHY IN THE HECK IT'S THE THING TO MAKE ANIMALS ACT LIKE MEN... AND IT AIN'T NEVER THE FASHION TO MAKE MEN ACT LIKE ANIMALS... BEATS US... ANYHOW...

GOPO GOSSUM!



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PUNS! PUNS! PUNS!

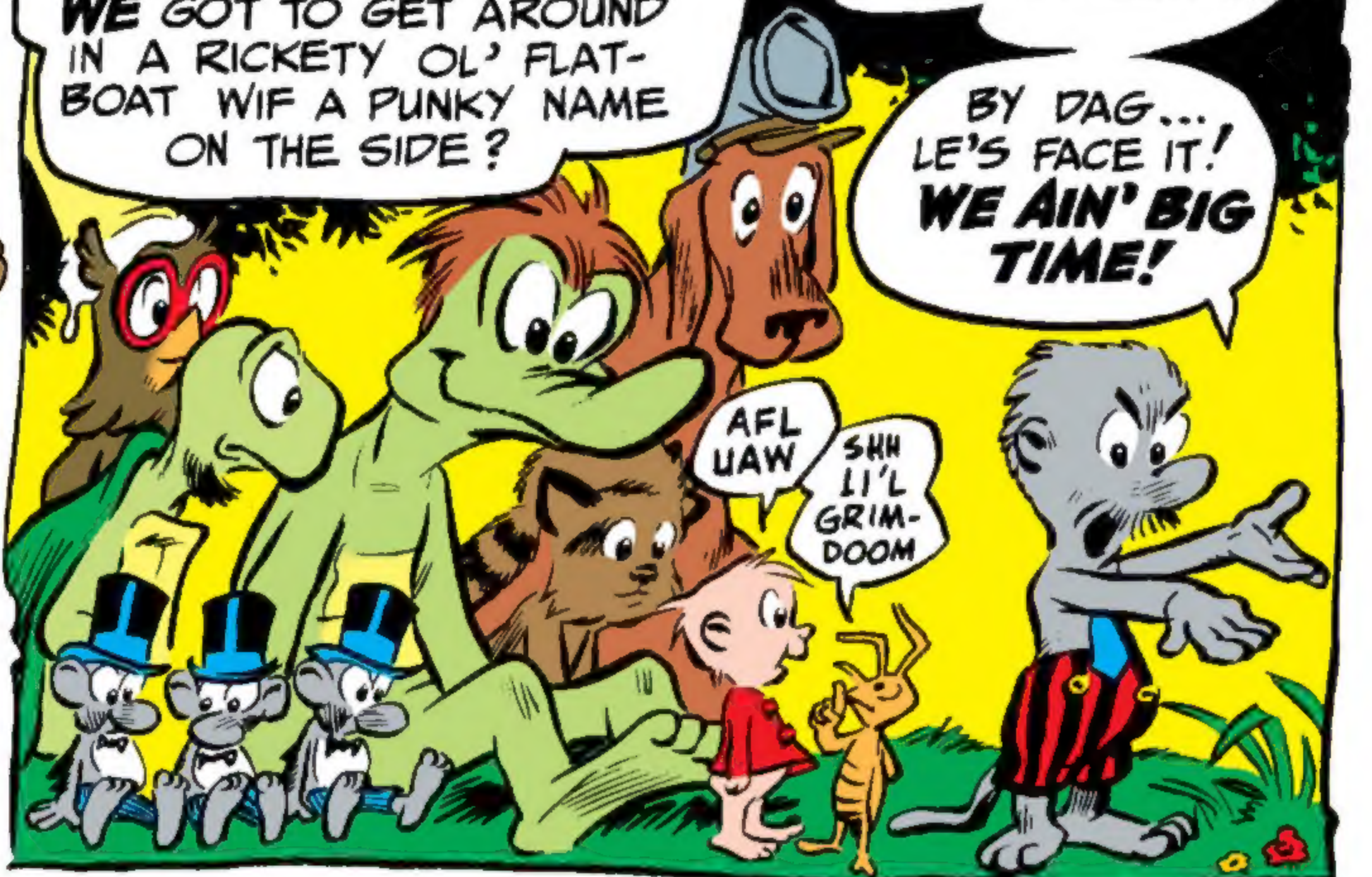
THAT'S ALL I HEAR ROUN' THIS SWAMP IS **PUNS!** HOW IN THE EVER-LOVIN' WORLD YOU EXPECT TO HIT THE BIG-TIME JUST SETTIN' ROUND MAKING **PUNS!**

I TELL YOU WHY I WENT TO **CONSORT** (WHICH ACTUALLY MEANS A CERTAIN TYPE OF SWORD) WITH OUR BIG-CITY COUSINS!

I BEEN THINKING... HOW COME OUR COUSINS IS LIVIN' IN 'SPENSIVE PENT-HOUSES WHILE **WE** LIVIN' IN A FLEA-BITTEN SWAMP?... HOW COME THEY GOT AUTO-MOBILES WHILE **WE** GOT TO GET AROUND IN A RICKETY OL' FLAT-BOAT WIF A PUNKY NAME ON THE SIDE?

WHY JUST LOOK AT THIS MESSY OL' PLACE! LOOK AT THESE BORDERS! ... **AIN'T EVEN DRAW'D WITH A RULER!**

BY DAG... LE'S FACE IT! **WE AIN' BIG TIME!**

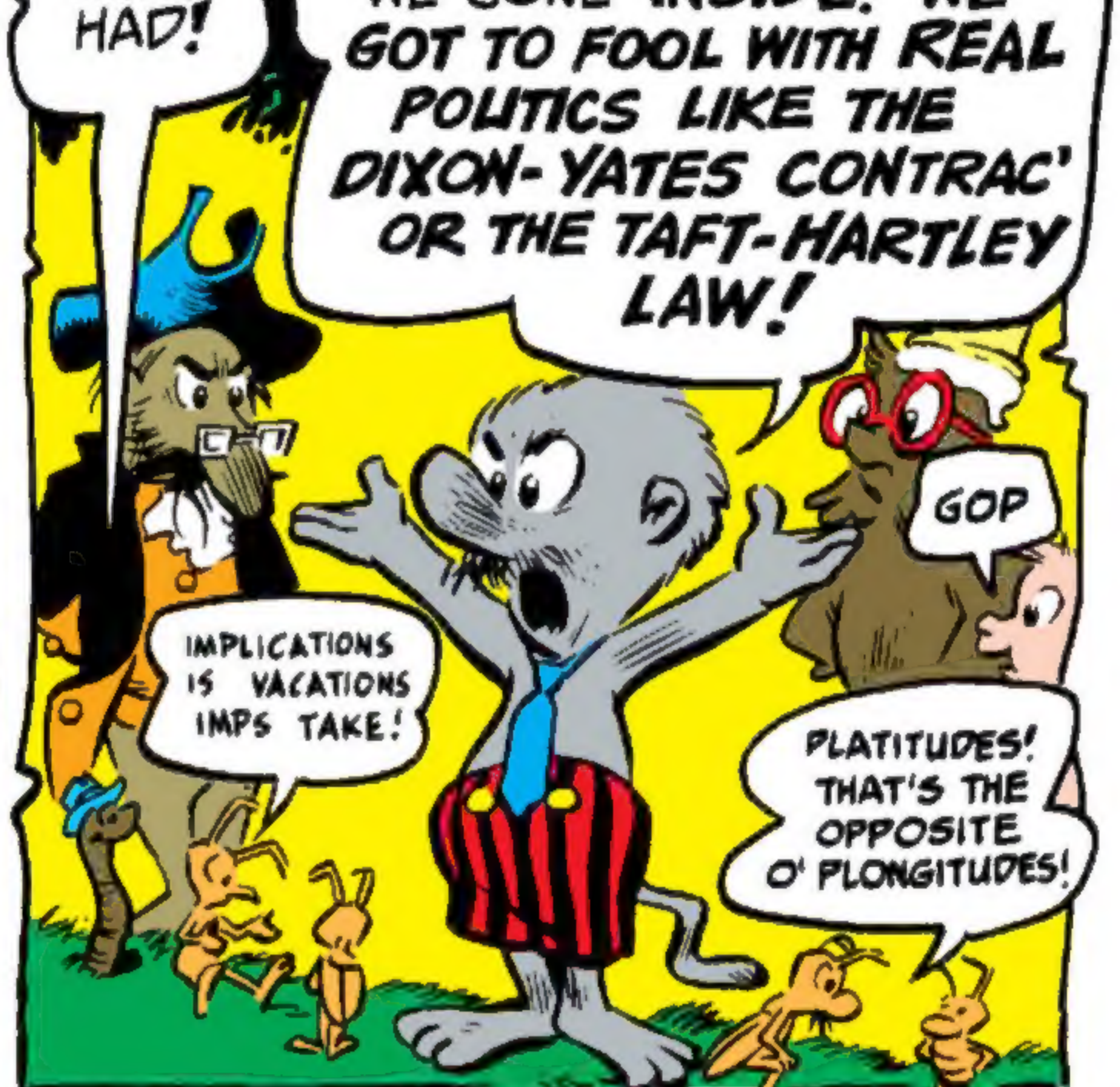
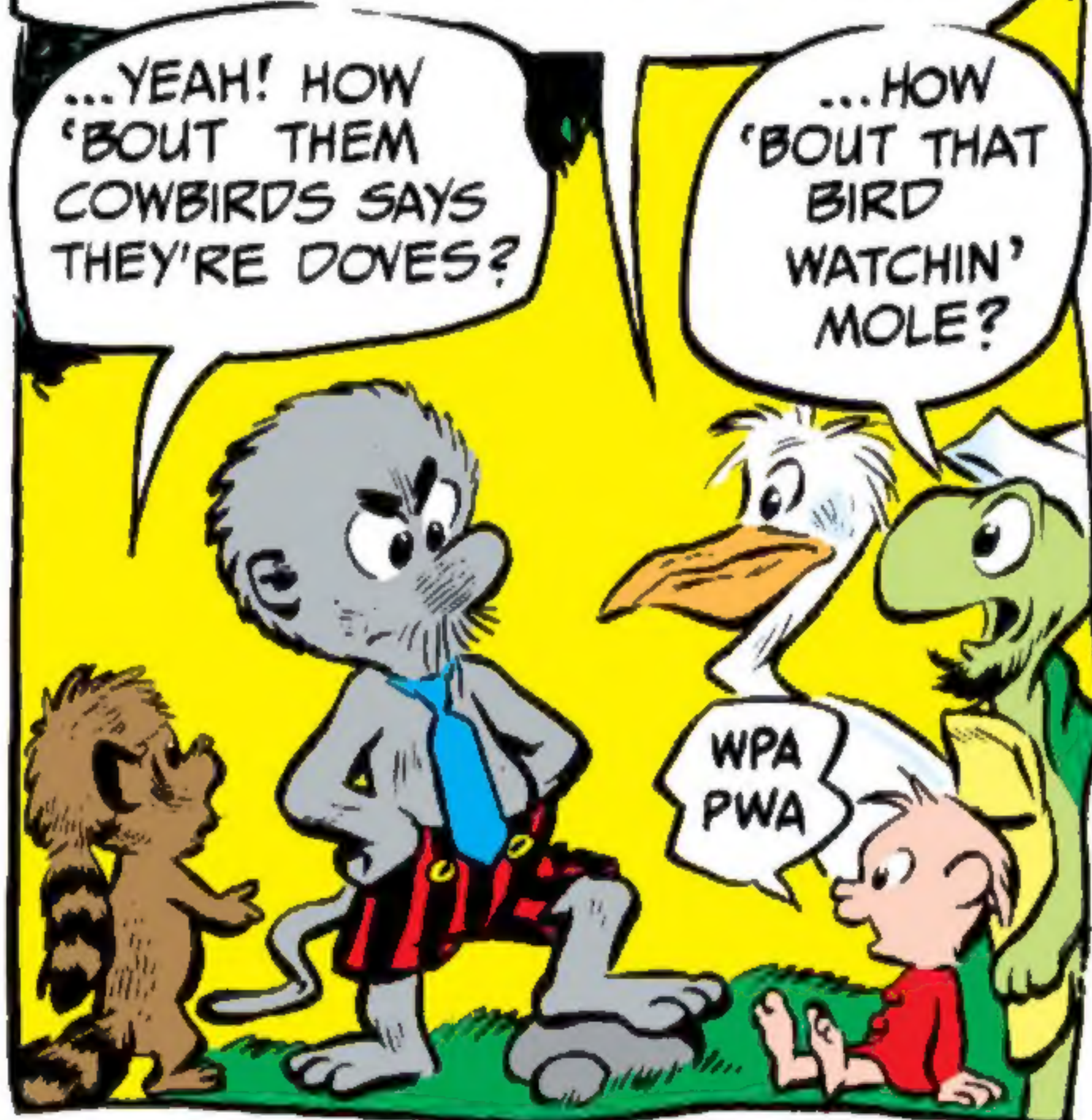


LEASTWAYS, WE AIN' BIG-TIME LIKE OUR BIG-CITY COUSINS! SO I UP AN' ASKED 'EM HOW WE KIN GIT POPULAR TOO, AN' THEY TOL' ME "**WE GOT LEARN POLITICS AN' JOIN PARTIES!**"

POLITICS AN' PARTIES? WHY MAN! WE BEEN FOOLIN' ROUN' WITH POLITICS AN' POLITICAL PARTIES FOR THE **LONGEST** TIME! ANIMALS COMIN' THROUGH THE SWAMP **ALL** THE TIME FOOLIN' ROUN' WITH POLITICS!

AN' YOU KNOW THE POLITICAL IMPLICATIONS **THEY** HAD!

PLATITUDES! PLATITUDES! WE BEEN PLAYIN' 'ROUND THE PEA-PATCH... WHEN IT'S HIGH-TIME WE GONE **INSIDE!** WE GOT TO FOOL WITH **REAL** POLITICS LIKE THE **DIXON-YATES CONTRAC'** OR THE **TAFT-HARTLEY LAW!**



...OH, GOPO! PLEASE DON' GO MESSIN' ROUN' WITH POLITICS! DON' GO LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE!

DON' HAVE TO GO LOOKIN'! **IT RIGHT HERE IN THE SWAMP!**

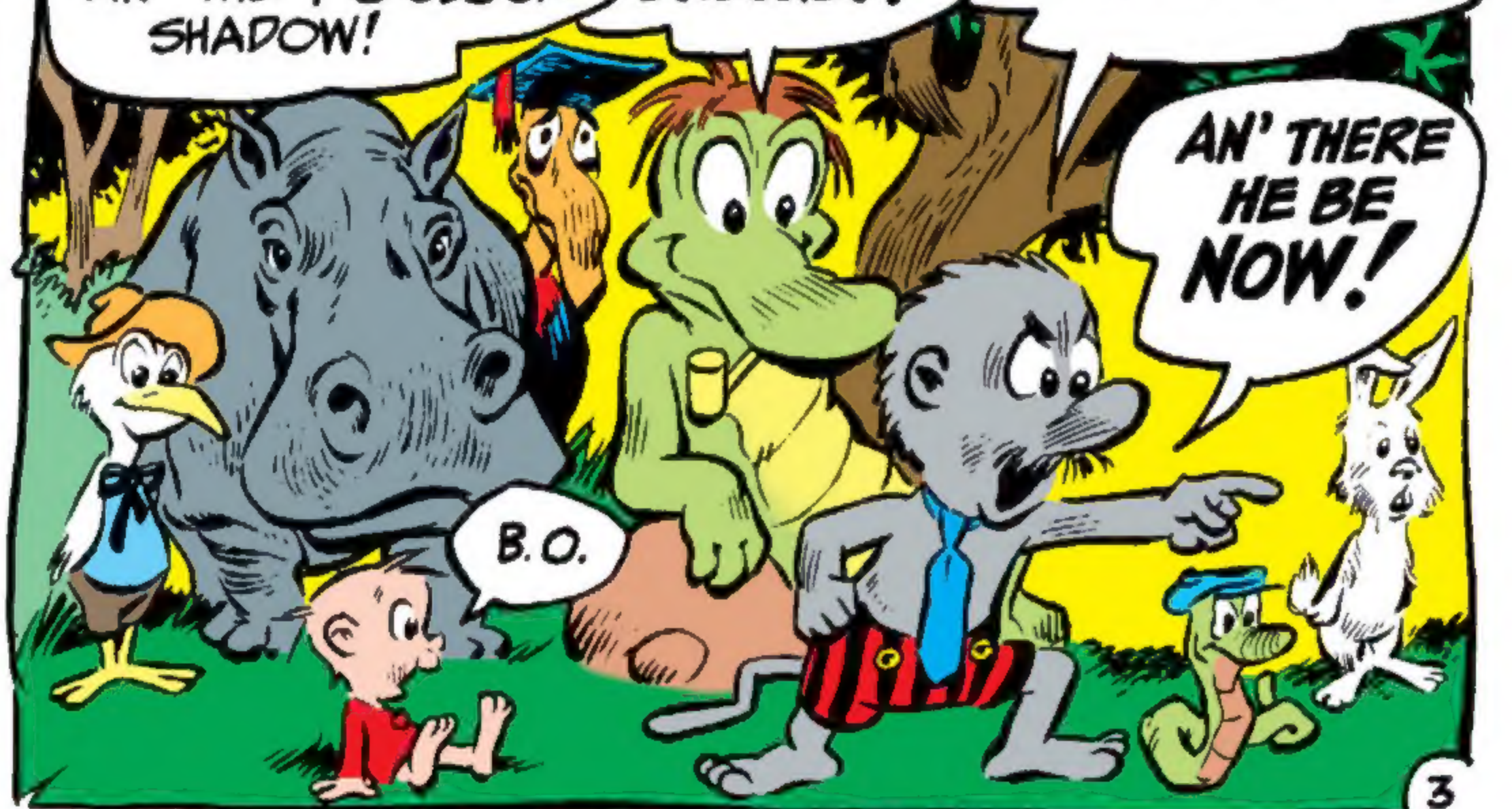
I BEEN KEEPIN' MY EYEBALLS PEELED! WE GOT THE **REAL 100% McCOY POLITICS** **RIGHT HERE?**... TAKE FOR EZZAMPLE THAT OL' WILDCAT HANGIN' OUT 'ROUND HERE...

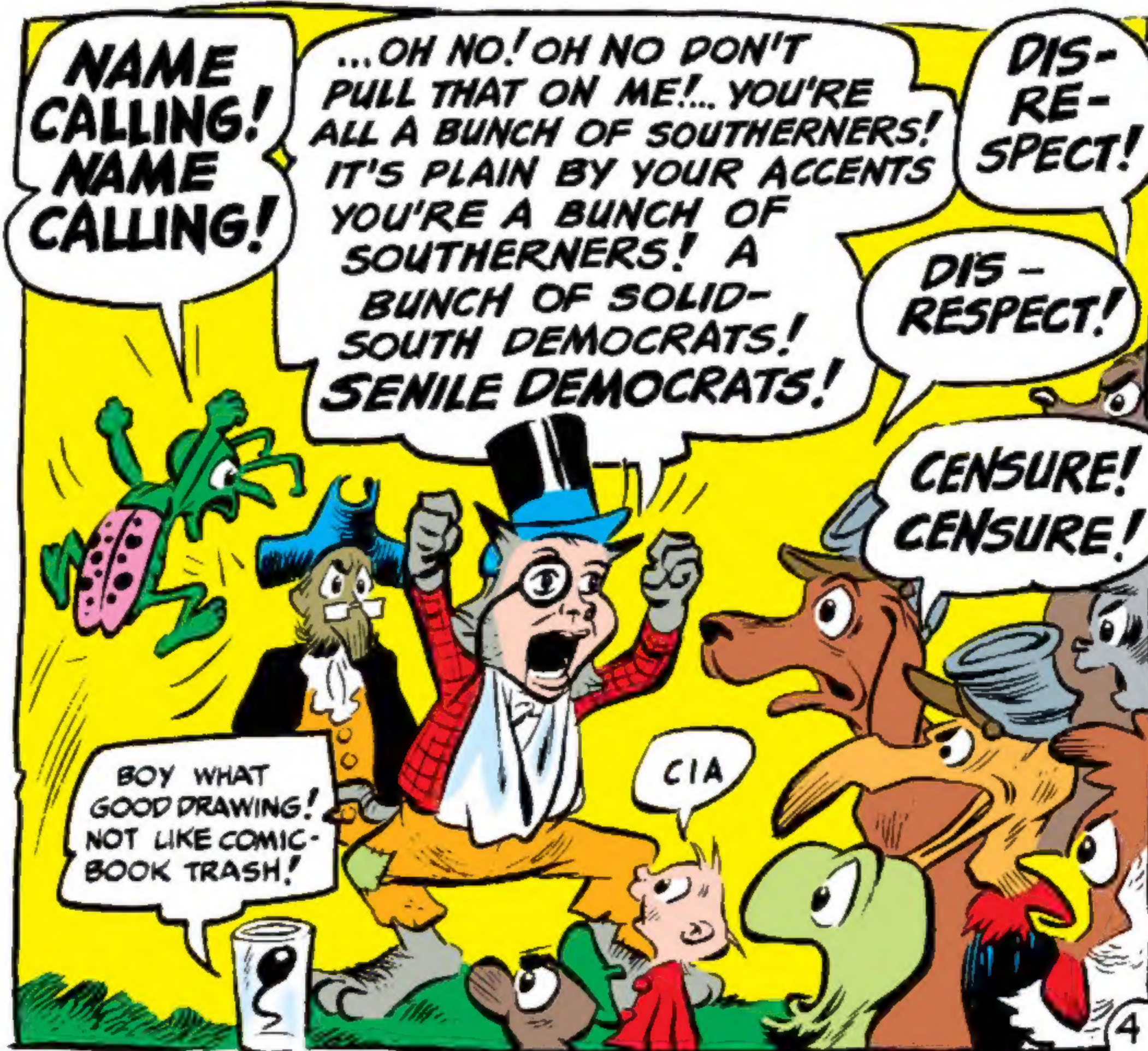
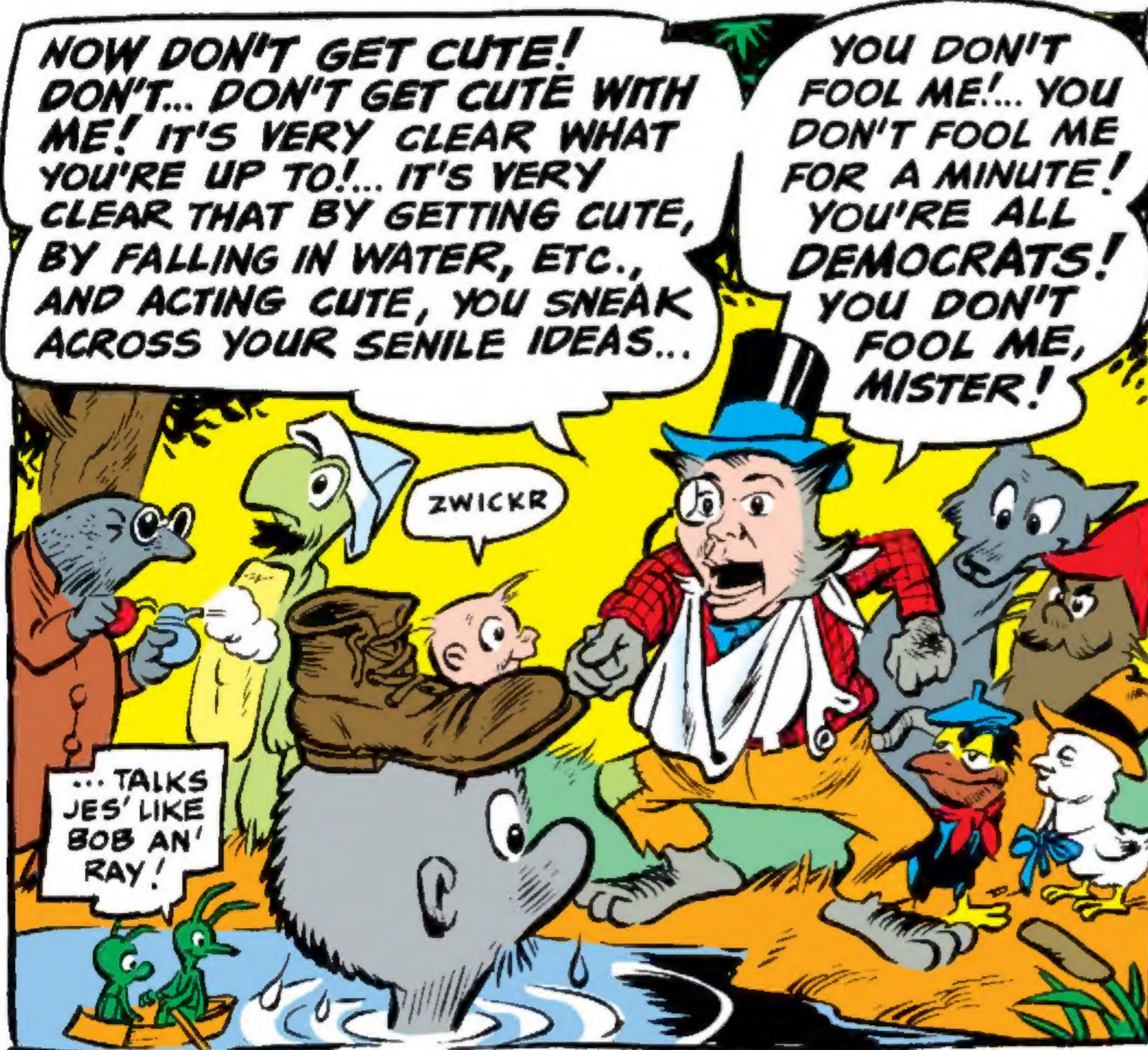
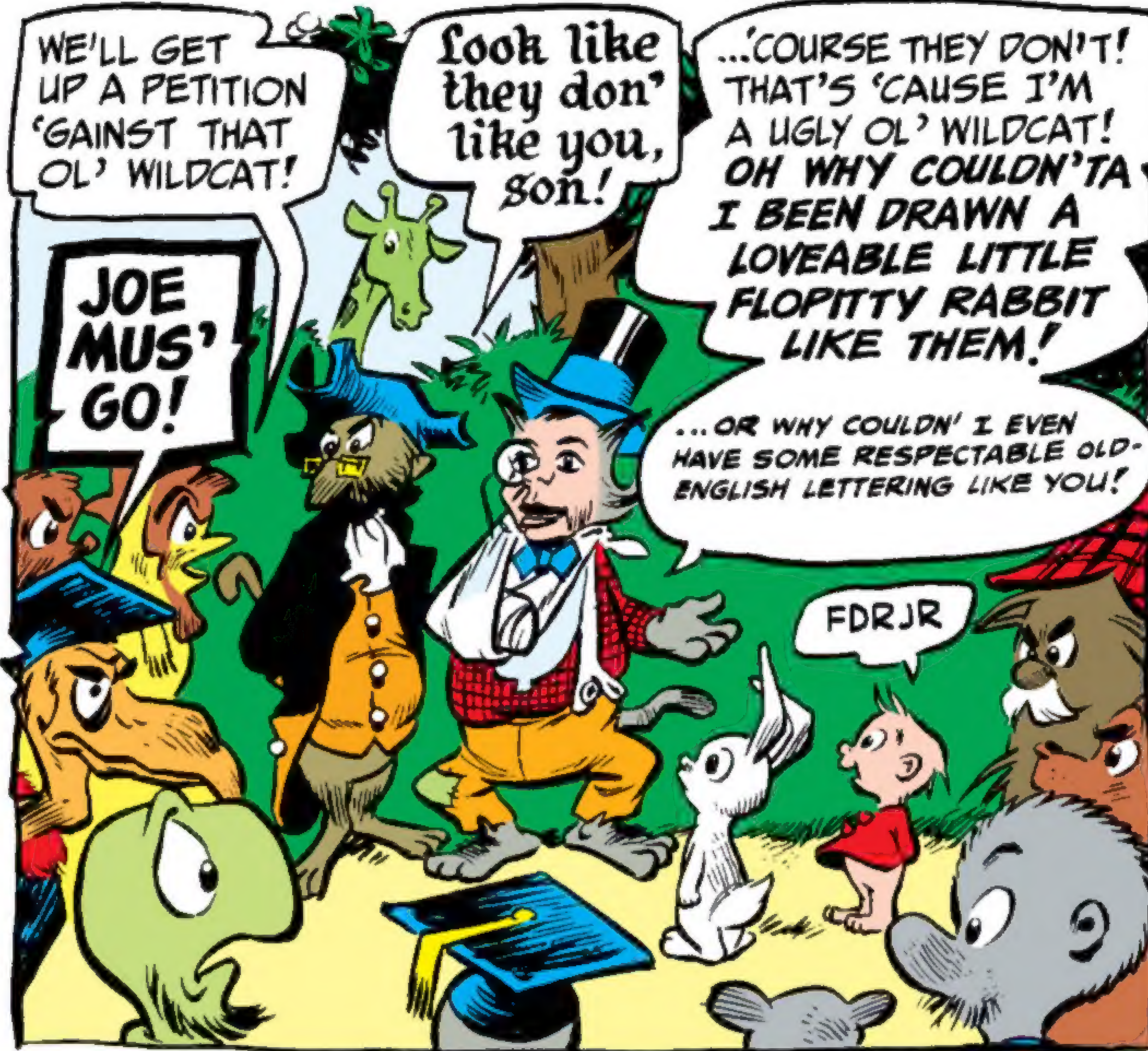
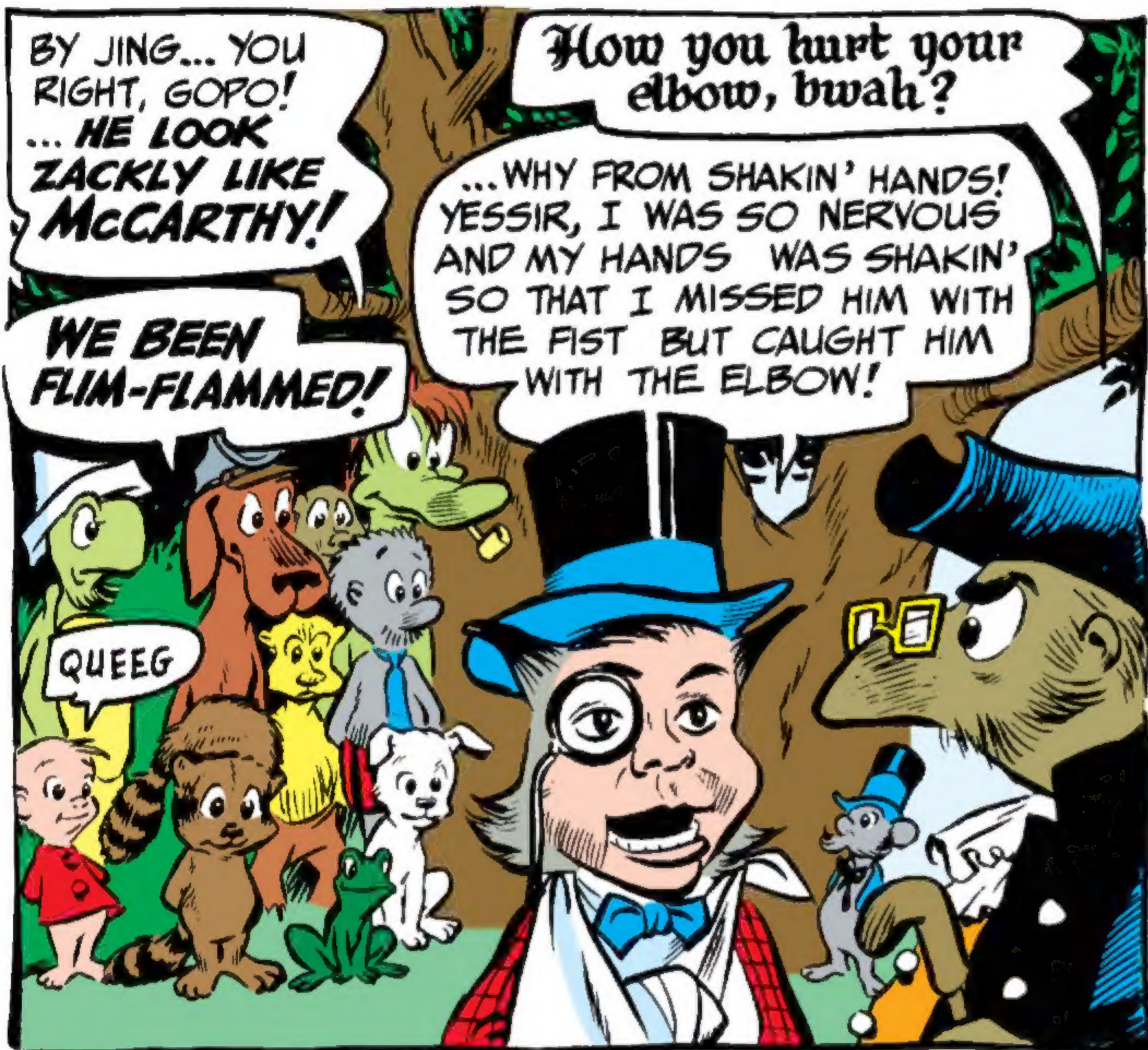
...I SUPPOSEN'T YOU DON' KNOW WHO **HE** IS!... I SUPPOSEN'T YOU DON' REKKONIZE THEM HEAVY EYEBROWS... THE DARK EYELASHES AN' THE 7 O'CLOCK SHADOW!

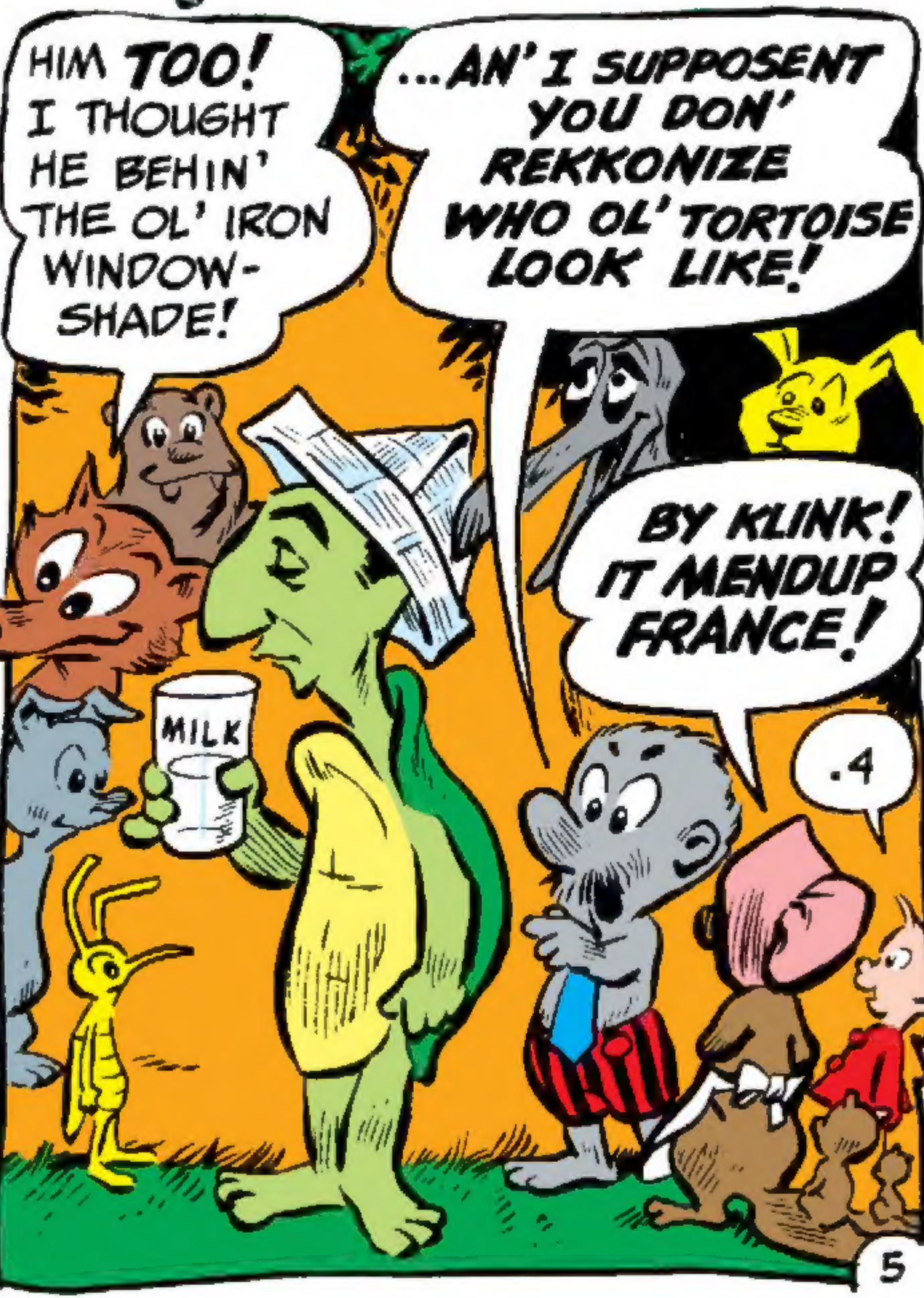
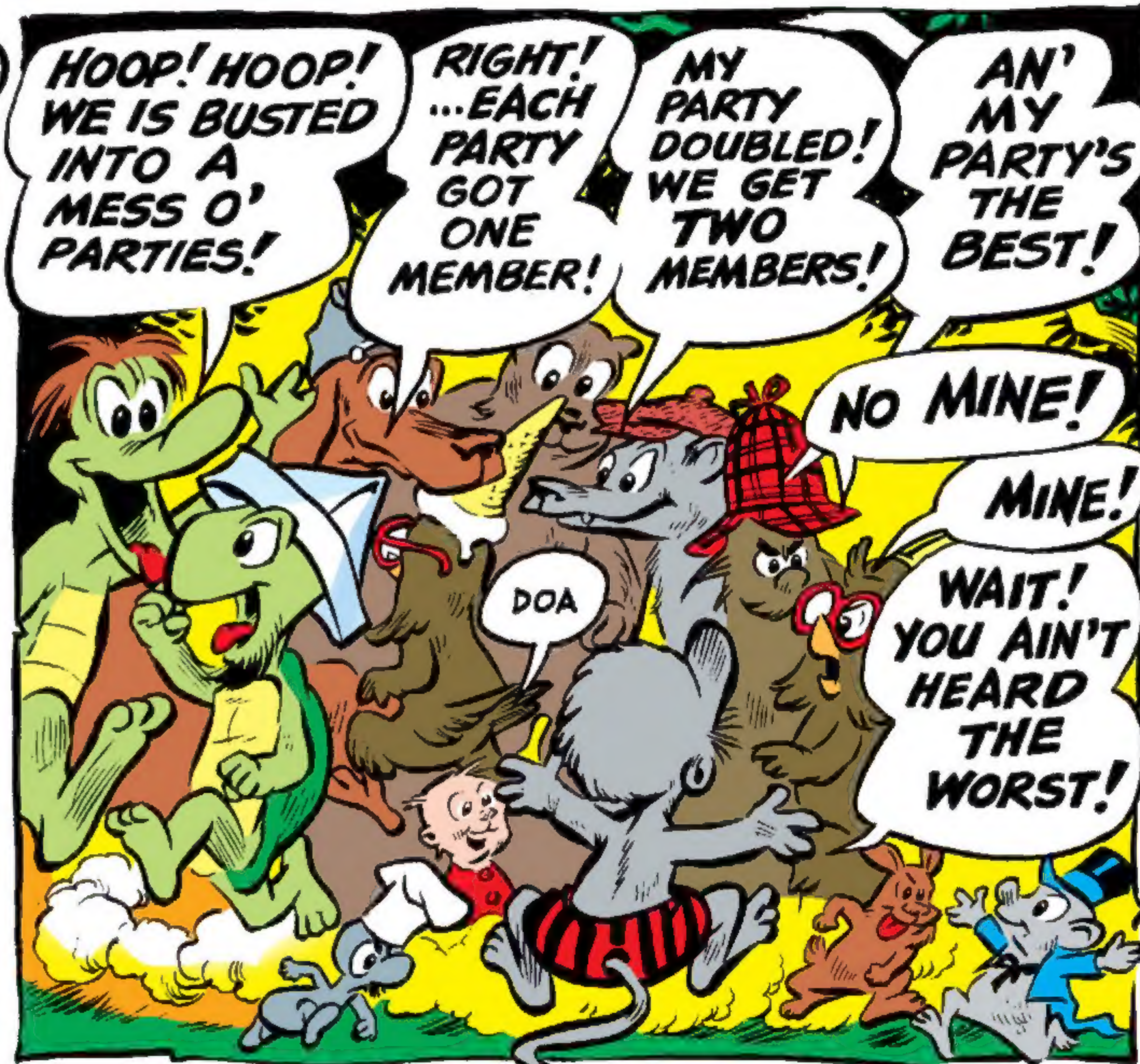
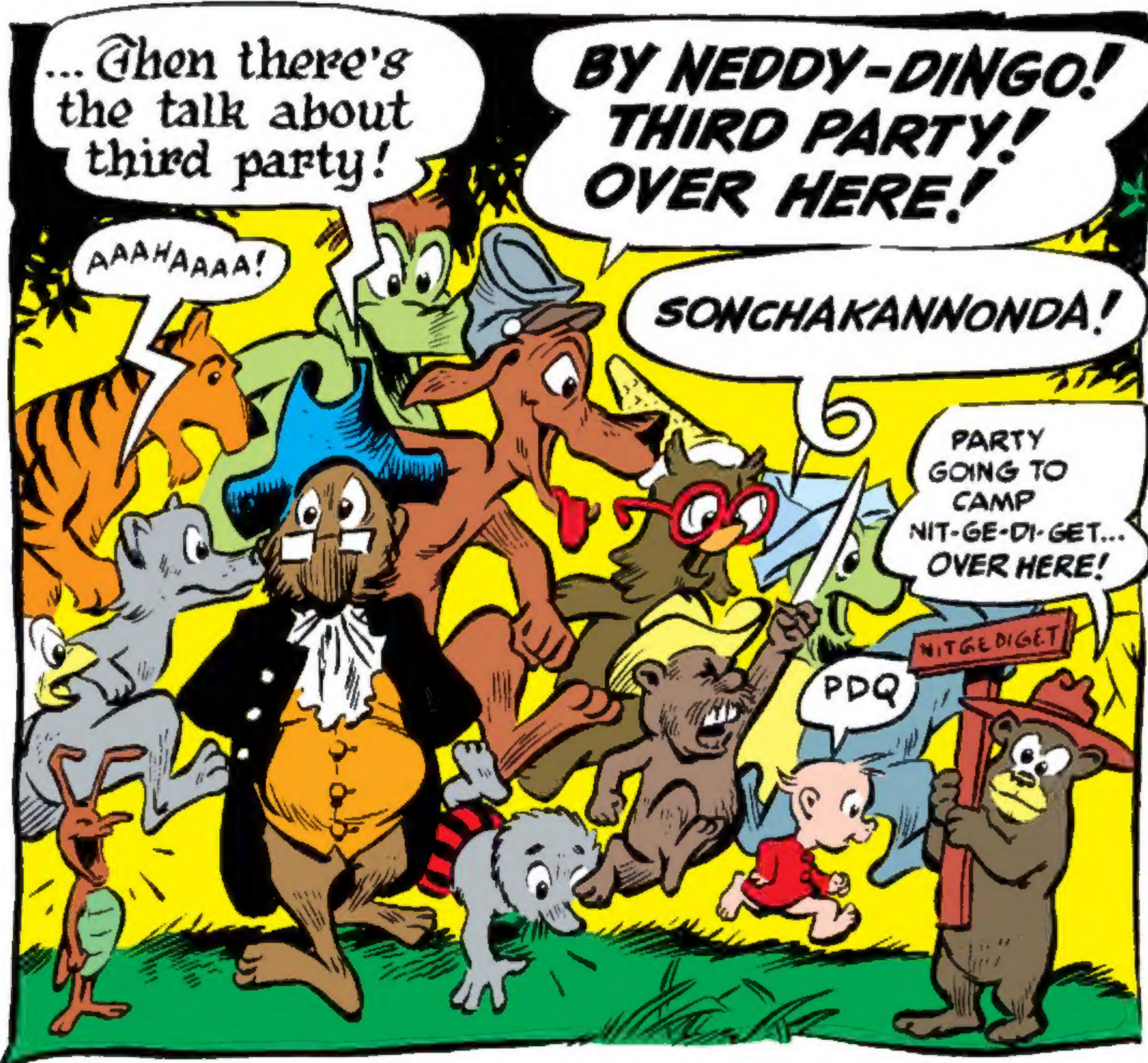
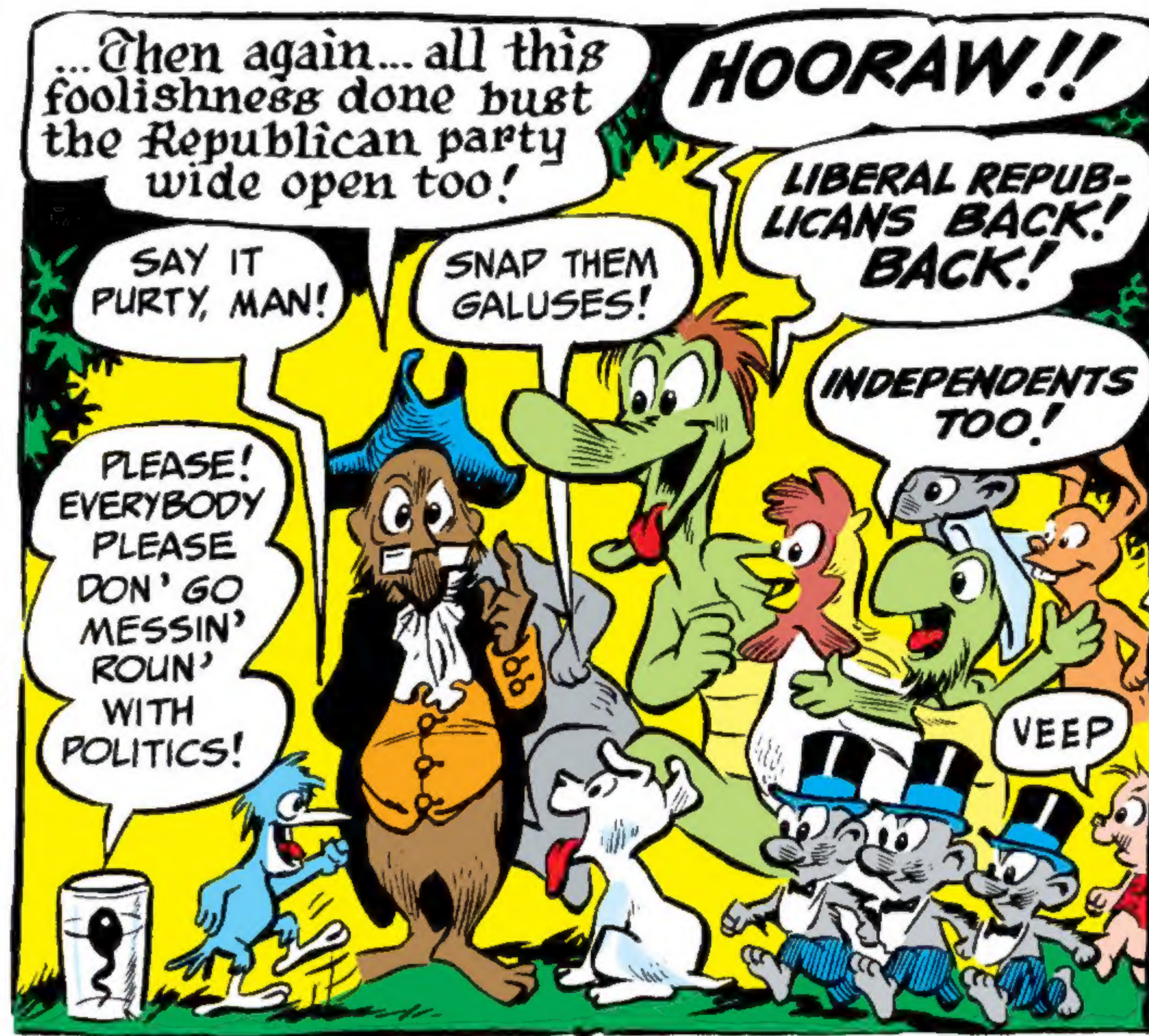
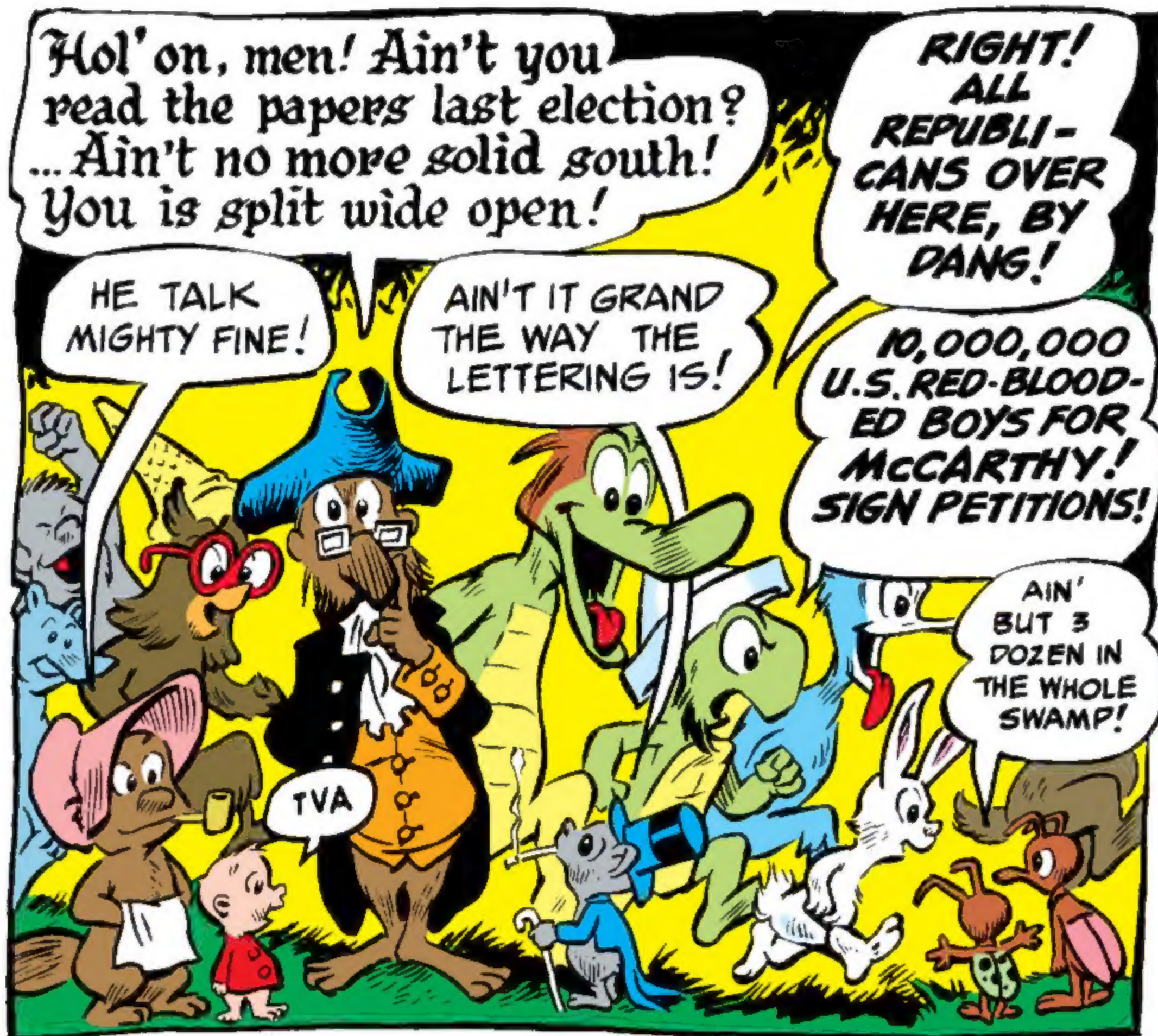
YOU TALKIN' ABOUT OL' **SIMPLE J. BALONEY?**

...THAT **SIMPLE J. BALONEY** IS JES' A LOT O' **MALARKEY!** ...HE AIN'T NO **BALONEY!** ...HE REAL NAME IS **McCARTHY!**

AN' THERE HE BE **NOW!**









...AN' OL' CORKY PORCUPINE IS WATERHOLE NEHRU!



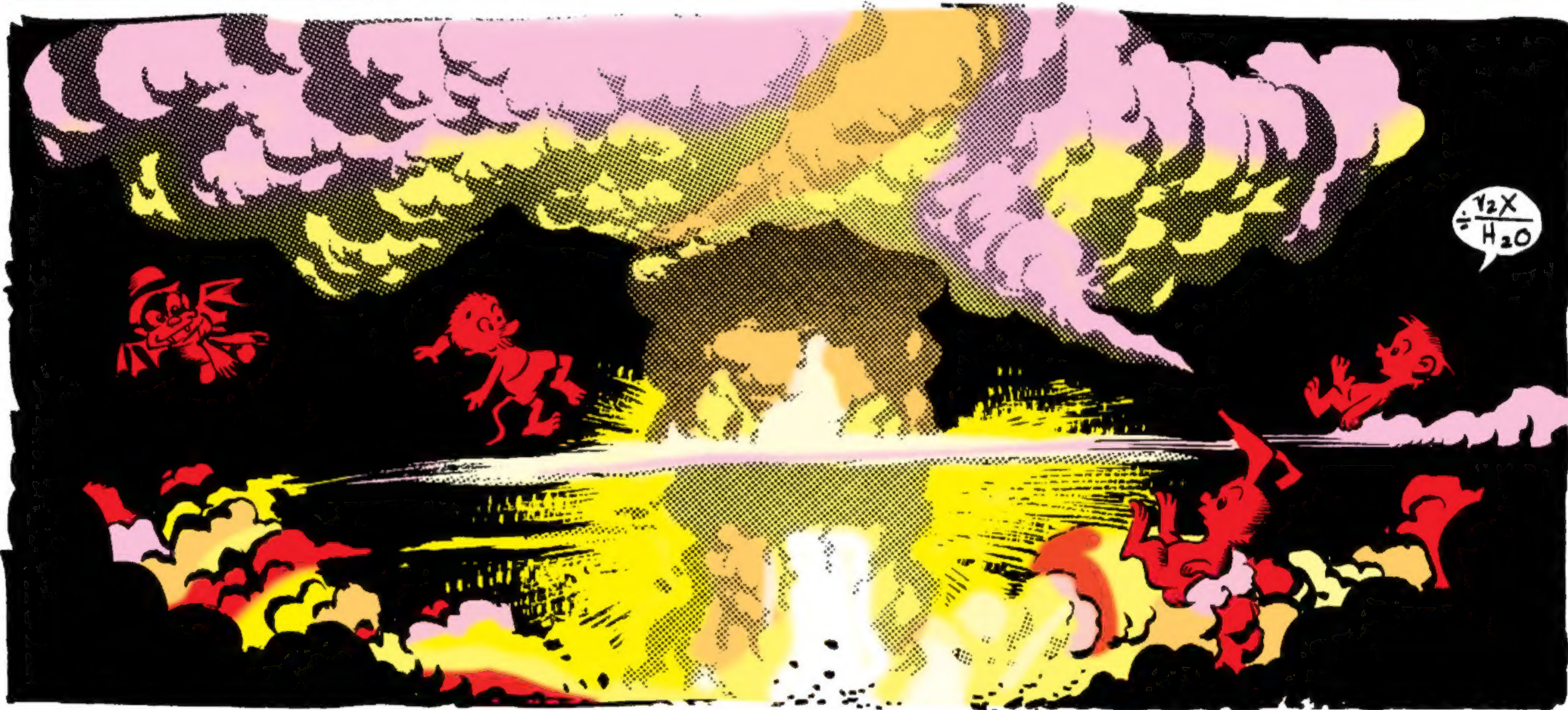
...AN' OL' BLOOD-HOUND IS CHANGE-KI-CHECK!



...AN' YOUNG RACKLEDY COON IS CHEW-AN-PLAY!



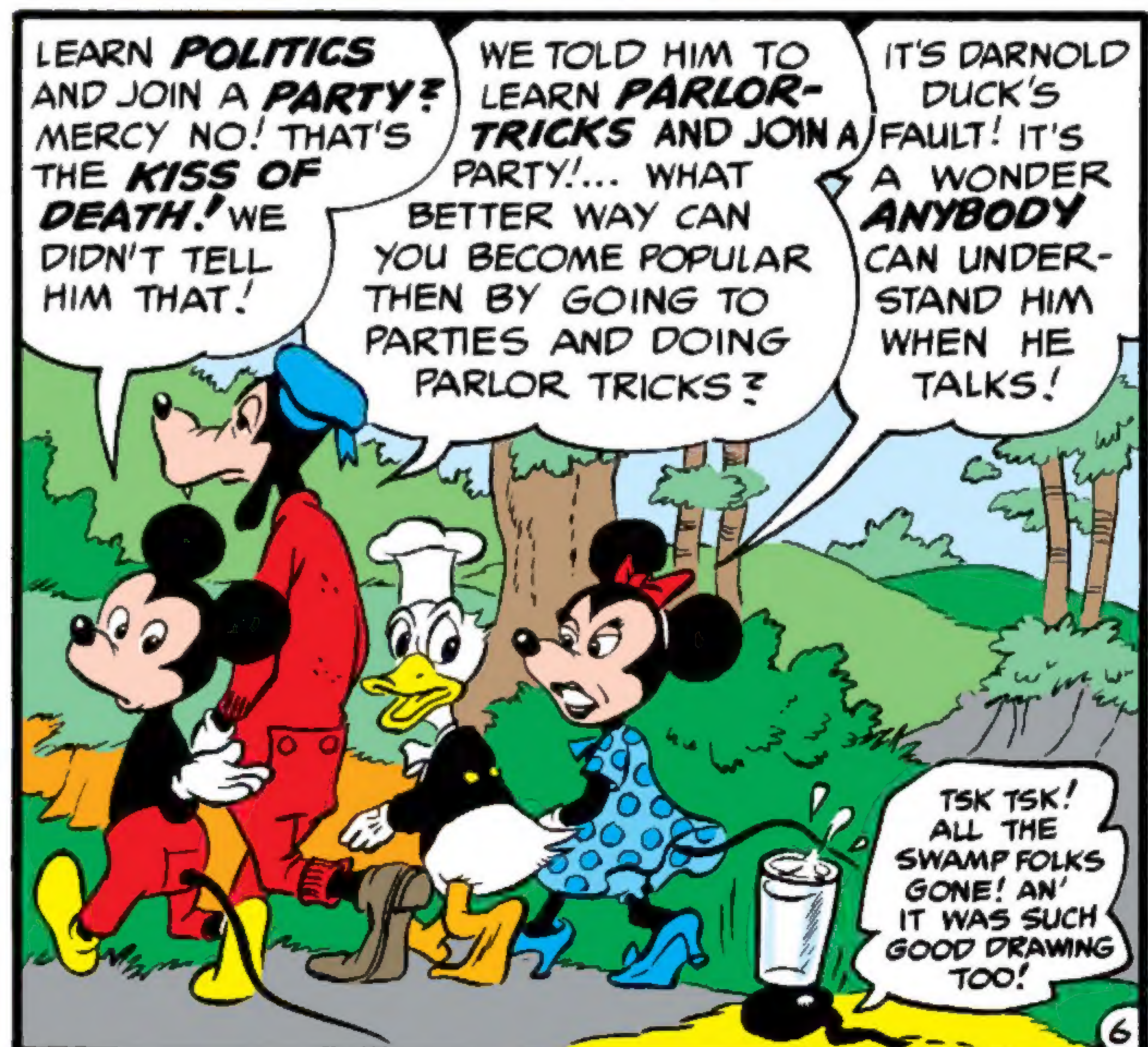
...AN MOUSE IS GEORGIA MELLON-COUGH!



MY GOODNESS! LOOK OUT THERE! ISN'T THAT WHERE OUR COUSINS LIVE IN THE OKEEKEEFOONIE SWAMP?

I THINK IT IS! WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME COULD HAVE HAPPENED?

I TOL'EM NOT TO MESS AROUN'... Puff... AND NOW THEY GONE... Puff... THEY DONE BLOWED EACH OTHER UP... Puff... AND IT ALL **YOUR** FAULT... Puff! **YOU** TOL' GOPO WE COULD BE POPULAR AN' SUCCESSFUL LIKE YOU IF WE LEARNED **POLITICS** AND JOINED A **PARTY** YOU SAID!



LEARN **POLITICS** AND JOIN A **PARTY**? MERCY NO! THAT'S THE **KISS OF DEATH**! WE DIDN'T TELL HIM THAT!

WE TOLD HIM TO LEARN **PARLOR-TRICKS** AND JOIN A PARTY!... WHAT BETTER WAY CAN YOU BECOME POPULAR THEN BY GOING TO PARTIES AND DOING **PARLOR TRICKS**?

IT'S DARNOLD DUCK'S FAULT! IT'S A WONDER **ANYBODY** CAN UNDERSTAND HIM WHEN HE TALKS!

TSK TSK! ALL THE SWAMP FOLKS GONE! AN' IT WAS SUCH GOOD DRAWING TOO!



MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors:

The plans illustrated in MAD #19 for a veeblefetzter are very interesting. But one thing puzzles me. Does the veeblefetzter described really fetz veebles?—Willie Stein—(no address given)

... Your furshlugginer magazine is the best for do-it-yourself articles. The one on the veeblefetzter was top-drawer material. As I was looking through an old Erector Set the other day, I found an old left-handed veeblefetzter. The only trouble was that the throttle arm was caked with Mahtosh. Do you think that I could clean it with some good-old Grocket Farsmellnik?—Jules Fisher—Norristown, Pa.

... My mom's fine.—Ed—(no address given)

... If you take the chronological corresponding numerical value of Potrzebie with A equal to 1, B to 2, C to 3, etc., Potrzebie adds up to 116. And if you subtract 9, which is the number of letters in Potrzebie, you get 107. This is how many times I've kicked myself for reading your furshlugginer magazine.—MAD Mathematics Major of Farshimmelt Tech.

... Referring to the #19 issue, the Puzzle Pages, best send your proofreader back to Buster Brown comics because in "What's Wrong With This Picture #19," it is the 126th and 127th that is two-headed.—Vermine P. Sneaker—Vladivostock, Siberia—P. S. Got my latest issue ripped to shreds in its "strong manila envelope".

... What ever happened to the "strong manila envelopes" MAD used to come in. They now come in weak manila envelopes.—Vic Schwartz—New York, N.Y.

... My upper plate nearly fell out when I glommed that in issue #19, you had Einstein's equation written as $m = \frac{m_0}{\sqrt{1 - (v^2/c^2)}}$ First of all, it is not Einstein's equation, rather it is a consequence of the Lorentz Transformation. However, Einstein used this value for m in the equation $E = m c^2$, which leads me to my second point. The correct equation should read $m = \frac{m_0}{[1 - (v^2/c^2)]^{1/2}}$ and not the way you printed it. Thirdly, this equation makes absolutely no reference to increase or decrease of size.—Jack Richlin—Purdue U., Ind.

... In matters not conducive to modern expotential hieroglyphics, one would necessarily, if he be in a circumspective frame of transcendental rationality, find it irrevocable that one, through pertinacity, ought to have the accendancy to imbibe knowledge in order to attain the sapience abrogated by such a status. If this is punctilious, such an entity would be abrogated and therefore could not exist. But due to man's lack of perception in these impending phenomena, we can perceive that the direct resultant is a fortuitous happening, stemming directly from the determinant. The ineptitude of the Homo-Sapien to contest such a pussiant force, as is the matter of such a hyperphysical power that is directly correlated to clairvoyance and metaphysics, can

be expressed in the formula: $E^2 + \frac{(M^2)}{(-\sqrt{-C+M})^3} = \text{ONE MEATBALL}$ —Charles Schramm—Long Island City, N. Y.

... From looking at your cover on issue #19, I gather that you didn't know that a race-horse is only allowed 14 letters for his name.—Richard Burns—Kingston, N. Y.

... Never let yourself come to the point that you feel your "new-trend" comics have had no effects on the American scene. Several of my fellow students here at the University of Kentucky have been requested by their English instructors to write themes on two subjects: Horror mags in general and MAD in particular. Don't give up the ghost.—Bill Tully—Lexington, Ky.

... In your attempt to satirize the Super Market, I think you have done the industry an injustice. I do not find the experience of your character, Mr. Sturdley, in SUPERMARKET, (MAD #19) really funny, because it does not reflect the truth. Let me give you a few facts. The Super Market started to serve the American public at the beginning of the depression when pennies meant so much to the average family. The Super Market opened up in old barns, in abandoned factories and garages, and gave our hard-pressed American people an opportunity to save in those days anywhere from 20% to 30% on their food. In the intervening years, the Super Market continued to grow. The old barns in which they originally opened up with shabby fixtures and barn-like atmosphere, soon disappeared. Super Market operators gave Mrs. Consumer beautiful markets, shopping conveniences, a tremendous assortment of foods at the lowest possible price. They catered to her every possible whim and wish and looked out for her welfare by making the market a wonderful place for her to buy, while actually saving on her food dollars. Mrs. Consumer liked these markets so much that she kept coming in more frequently and in greater number. Today there are something like 341,000 retail food stores in America. There are only about 18,000 Super Markets in the United States. Representing about 5% of all the retail food stores, these Super Markets now serve America with over 50% of its foods. And in serving America with its foods, the Super Market is saving the consuming public at least 10% on her food dollar purchases. Not alone that, but the Super Markets maintain competition to the lowest price level. Each year, Mrs. Consumer saves approximately 2 billion or more dollars on her food bill which she uses to buy other necessities. So you can see the Super Market is rendering a very definite and distinct service to the American public. The imagination used in your comic strip conveys the impression to your readers that the Super Market should be the last place that one should patronize. And you end up by having your hero go back to Mr. Furd's grocery store where the customer can "squeeze the rolls to see if they're fresh." What you are asking is that they go back, virtually, to the gaslight era. I do not mean that the corner grocer has no place in food retailing; but if he has not emulated the Super Market in introducing the new efficiencies and economies that have developed, he is not rendering a service to the public. We believe you have been unfair to a great industry which has served the public well, and it would be only just to present the Super Market to your readers in the proper light.—M. M. Zimmerman, publisher Super Market Merchandising—New York, N. Y.

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Write us more. We're lonely. No more subscriptions though. For explanation, turn to last page for vital message. Our address, as ever, is:

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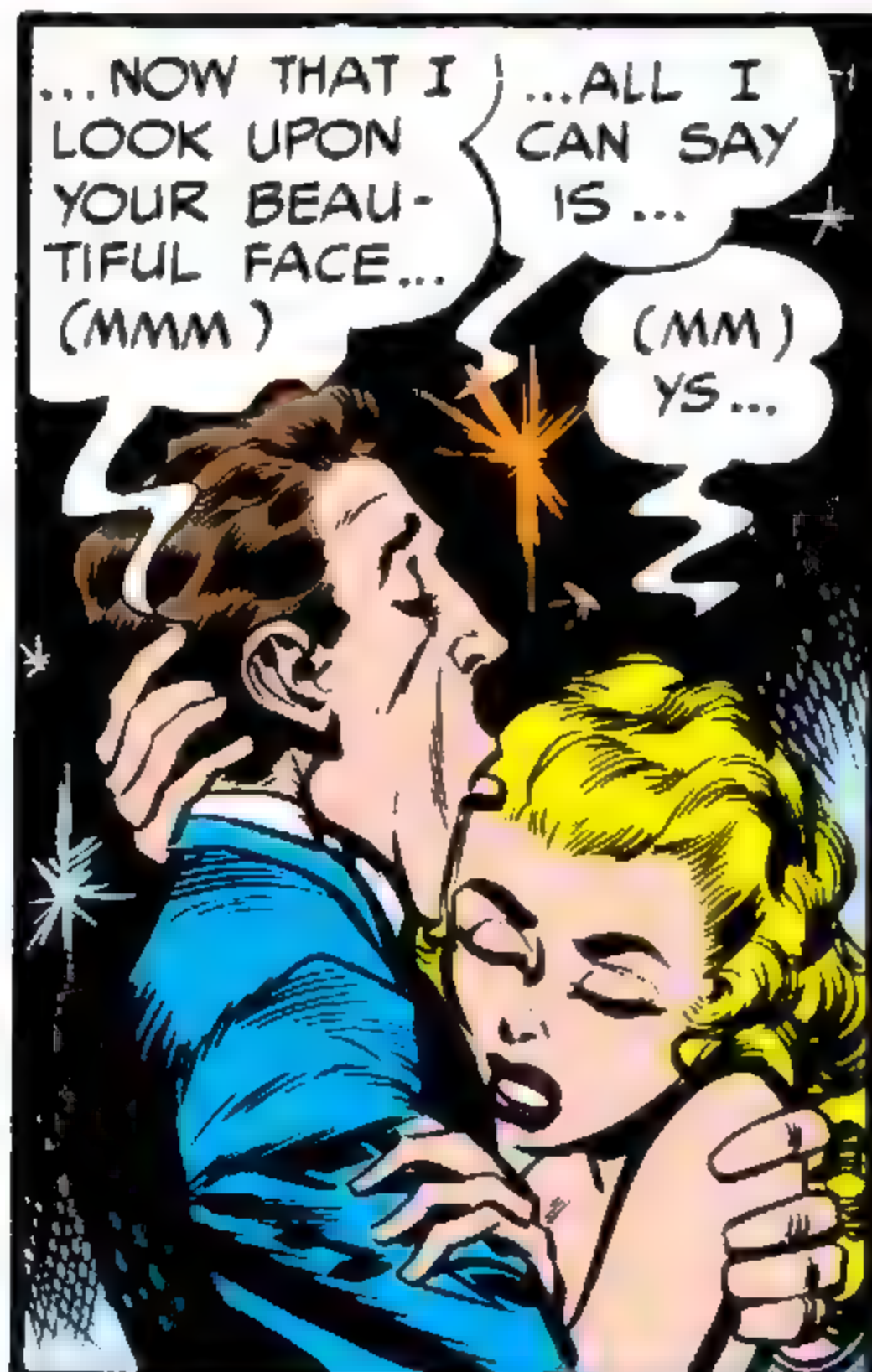
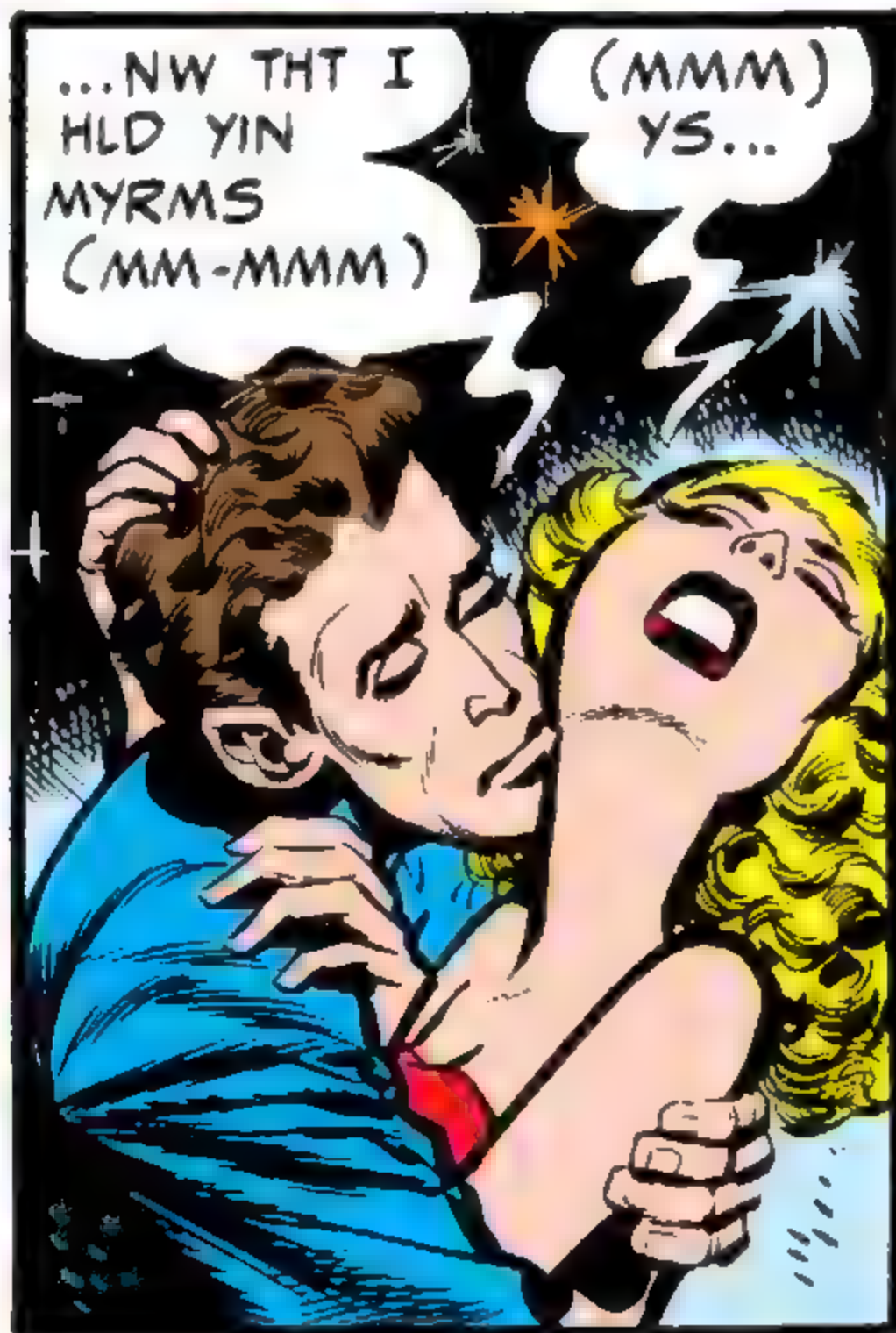
CLICHE DEPT.: SAY... YOU KNOW HOW IN MOVIES, T.V., ETC., YOU GET TO SEEING THE SAME IDEA...THE SAME SCENE... OVER AND OVER AGAIN?...AND YOU KNOW HOW YOU WISH THEY DID SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR A CHANGE? THAT'S THIS FEATURE! FIRST WE'RE GOING TO SHOW SCENES WE ALWAYS SEE! THEN WE SHOW THEM AGAIN WITH LITTLE NAUSEATING CHANGES SO THEY'RE..

SCENES WE'D... LIKE TO SEE!

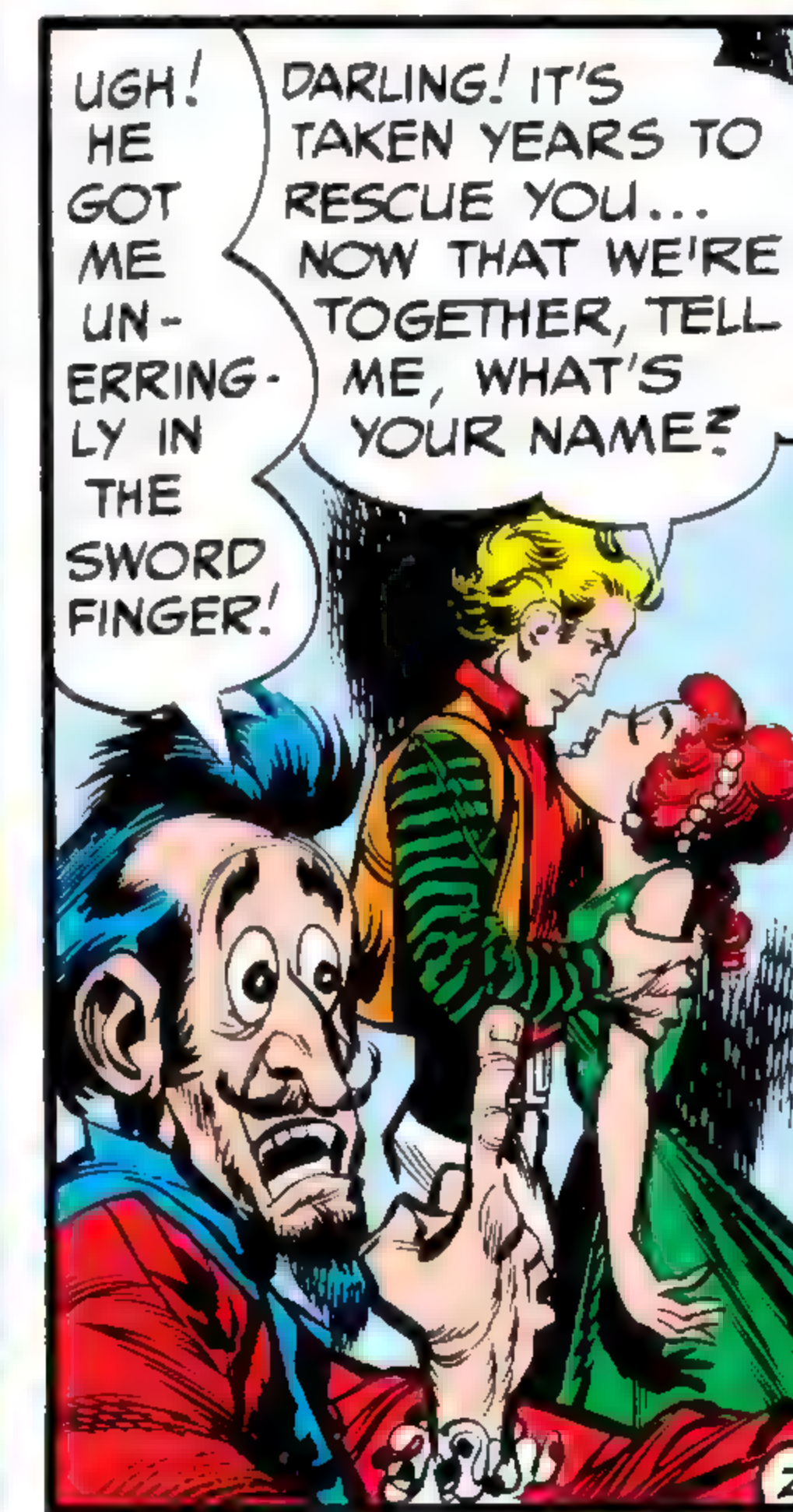
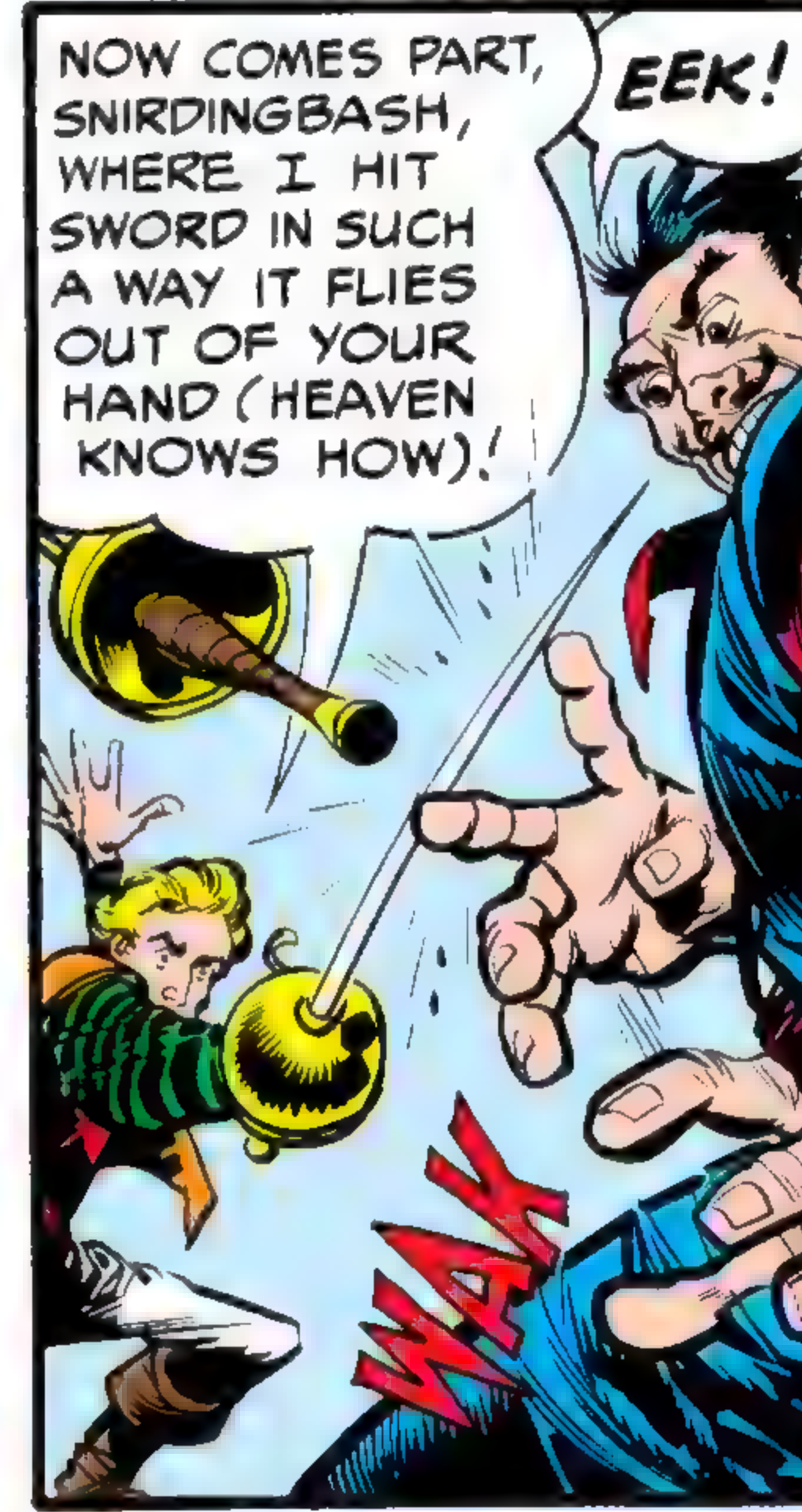
FORINSTANCE, TAKE PEOPLE KISSING!...DID YOU EVER SEE PEOPLE WHO WERE KISSING?...I MEAN REAL NECKING KISSING? AFTER REAL NECKING KISSING, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST BEEN HIT IN THE MOUTH WITH A ROTTEN TOMATO! BUT DO THEY SHOW IT THAT WAY IN MOVIES? NEVER! WHAT THEY DO IS THEY HAVE THIS GORGEOUS BLONDE, PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL, AND...WELL, ON THIS HALF OF THE PAGE IS WHAT HAPPENS IN THE **KISSING SCENE**...



...AND HERE'S THE KISSING-SCENE THE WAY WE'D LIKE TO SEE IT!



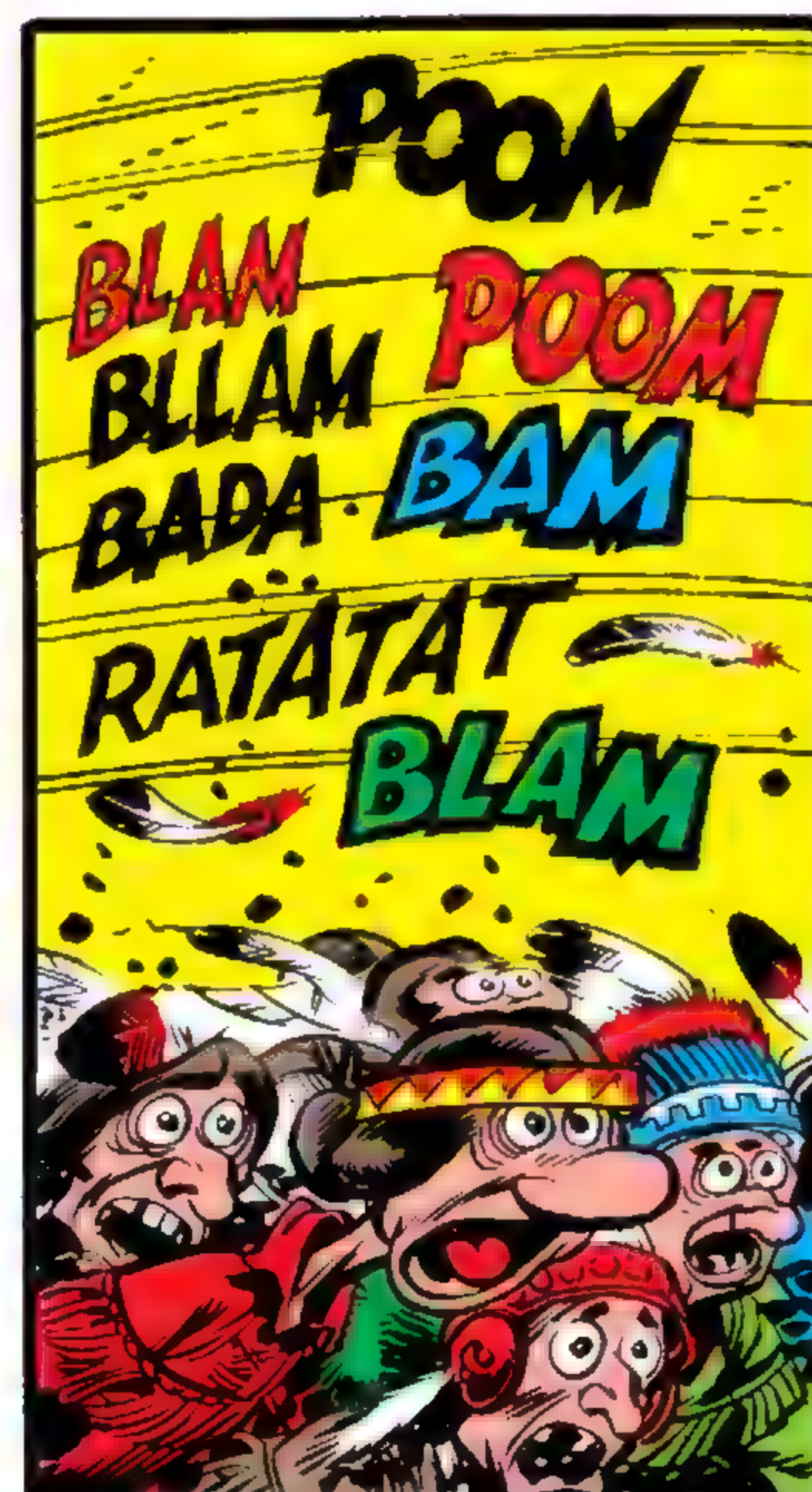
...THEN HOW'S ABOUT **THE FENCING-SCENE!**... HERE'S THIS DIRTY-RAT COUNT... OR DUKE... OR WICKED-UNCLE MAYBE, IN THE OLD-EN DAYS, WHO WINS THROUGH THE WHOLE PICTURE! BUT IN THE END THE HERO ESCAPES FROM THE DUNGEON AND FREES THE PEASANTS WHO STORM THE CASTLE AND OVERPOWER THE BAD SOLDIERS! MEANWHILE THE HERO CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW TO RESCUE THE GIRL, A GORGEOUS BLONDE, WHERE HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE BAD GUY IN A ROOM WITH PLENTY OF STEPS AND STUFF TO DUEL AROUND ON! SO HERE GOES THE **FENCING-SCENE**...



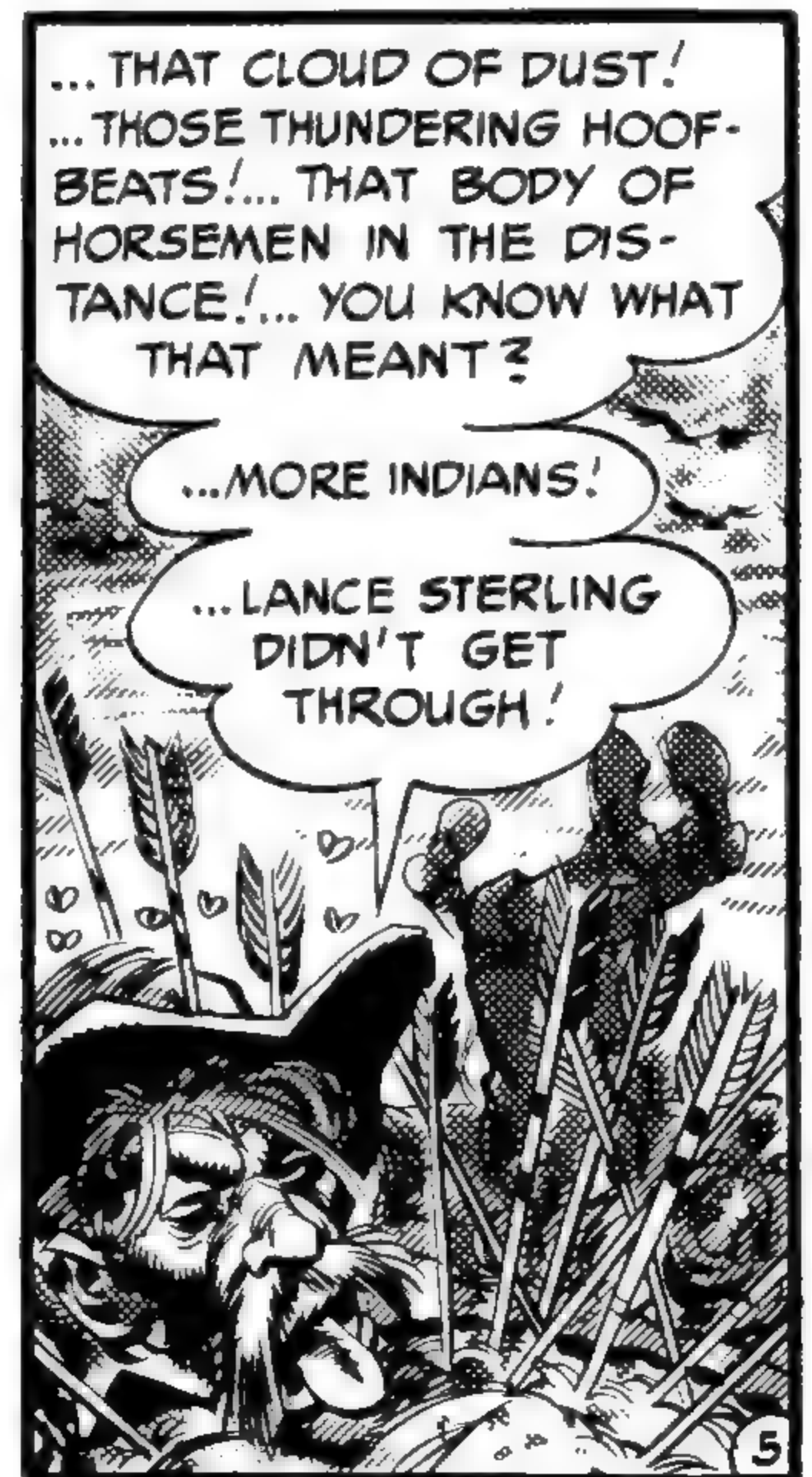
**...AND HERE'S
THE FENCING-
SCENE THE
WAY WE'D
LIKE TO
SEE IT!**



...THEN HOW'S ABOUT THE **SURROUNDED-FORT** SCENE! HERE'S THIS FORT, SEE? ...SURROUNDED BY INDIANS, SEE? HORRIBLE, NAUSEATING INDIANS! INSIDE ARE THE COURAGEOUS SETTLERS AND A GORGEOUS BLONDE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER...SEE? TIME AND TIME AGAIN, MESSENGERS HAVE TRIED TO GET THROUGH TO THE ARMY GARRISON FOR HELP AND HAVE FAILED! FINALLY, THE HERO, LANCE STERLING TAKES A CRACK AT IT! WILL HE DO IT? WILL HE GET THROUGH? WILL HE REACH THE ARMY?... ARE YOU KIDDING? OF COURSE HE WILL! ANYHOW... HERE'S THE WAY THE **SURROUNDED-FORT** SCENE GOES...



**...NOW HERE'S
THE SURROUN-
DED-FORT
SCENE THE
WAY WE'D
LIKE TO
SEE IT!**



...NEXT, HOW'S ABOUT THE **ESCAPE-FROM-THE-NAZIS** SCENE!... YOU KNOW!... THIS O.S.S. AGENT PARACHUTES INTO FRANCE!... CONTACTS FRENCH UNDERGROUND AGENT, A GORGEOUS BRUNETTE! ...THEY GOT THIS HERE OLD NUCLEAR PHYSICIST THEY'VE GOT TO SMUGGLE OUT SO'S THE NAZIS WON'T LEARN THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB AND WIN WAR BEFORE WE DO! FOLLOW? SO THIS SCENE IS CLIMAX WHERE BRITISH PLANE IS LANDING IN SECRET COW-PASTURE AND O.S.S. MAN, NUCLEAR PHYSICIST, AND GORGEOUS BRUNETTE SQUOOSH TO MEET IT... THE **ESCAPE-FROM-THE-NAZIS** SCENE!

LANCE STERLING! ARE YOU SURE THE PLANE WILL MEET US?

IT HAS ALL BEEN CAREFULLY TIMED...

UH-OH! I PERCEIVE A GUARD STROLLING IN OUR DIRECTION!... OR TO PUT IT SIMPLY... **CHICKEE!**

...GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE A SPECIAL COMMANDO TACTIC!

RUN FOR THE COW PASTURE!

...THERE! A SHARP LIGHT BLOW ON A SPECIAL PART OF THE HEAD KILLS THE VICTIM INSTANTLY!

...SO FAR, SO GOOD! THE TIMING IS PERFECT! TIMING IS THE MOST IMPORTANT!

TAP!

UH-OH! **CHICKEE** AGAIN! THIS TIME **TWO** GUARDS NEAR WHERE PLANE'S GOTTA LAND! HERE GOES ANOTHER COMMANDO TACTIC!

KEEP RUN-NING!

...THERE! GENTLE TUGS IN A SPECIAL WAY SNAP THE SPINES!

WE'VE GOT TO TIME THIS TIMING PERFECT!

UH-OH! STANDING RIGHT WHERE THE PLANE HAS TO LAND... THREE NAZI GUARDS! THROUGH THE WHOLE PICTURE WE DON'T SEE A SINGLE NAZI GUARD! NOW JUST BECAUSE THE PICTURE'S ENDING, THEY'RE ALL OVER!

HERE GOES MORE TACTICS!

THERE COMES THE PLANE!

...SHORT POKES IN THE RIBS IN A SPECIAL WAY... THE GUARDS DIE FROM LAUGHING!

REMEMBER... TIMING! TIMING! TIMING!

UH-OH! THERE IN THE SHADOWS! I THINK I SEE MORE GUARDS! QUICK, PROFESSOR... GET ON THE PLANE WHILE I DO A COMMANDO TACTIC!

...A BEAR HUG!

FRESH!

OOOPS! SURE IS DARK! QUICK, PROFESSOR! THERE'S JUST THE RIGHT TIMING FOR YOU TO GET INTO THE PLANE AND FOR US TO HOLD OFF THE NAZIS!

AU REVOIR! DON'T CALL ME! I'LL CALL YOU!

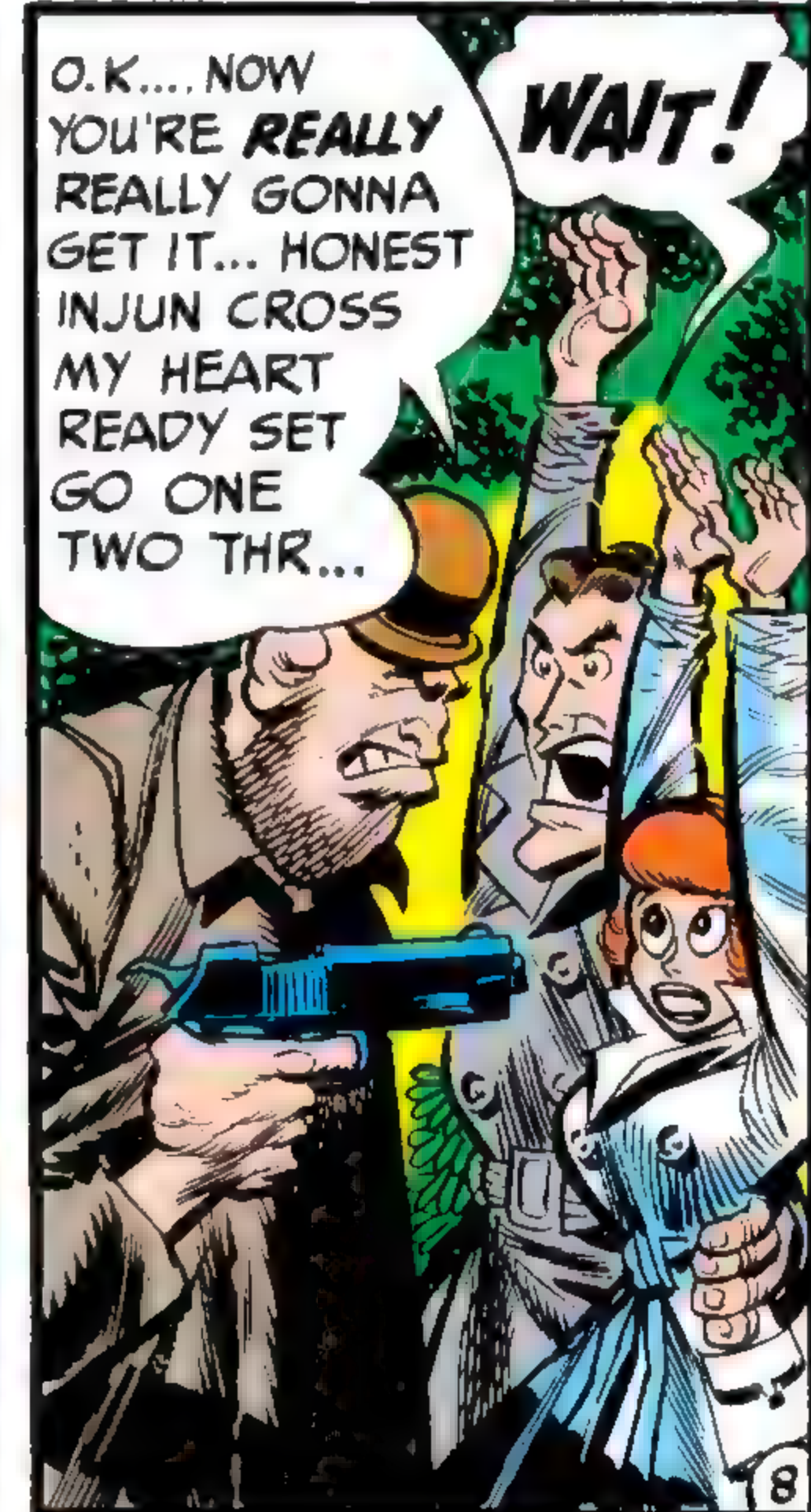
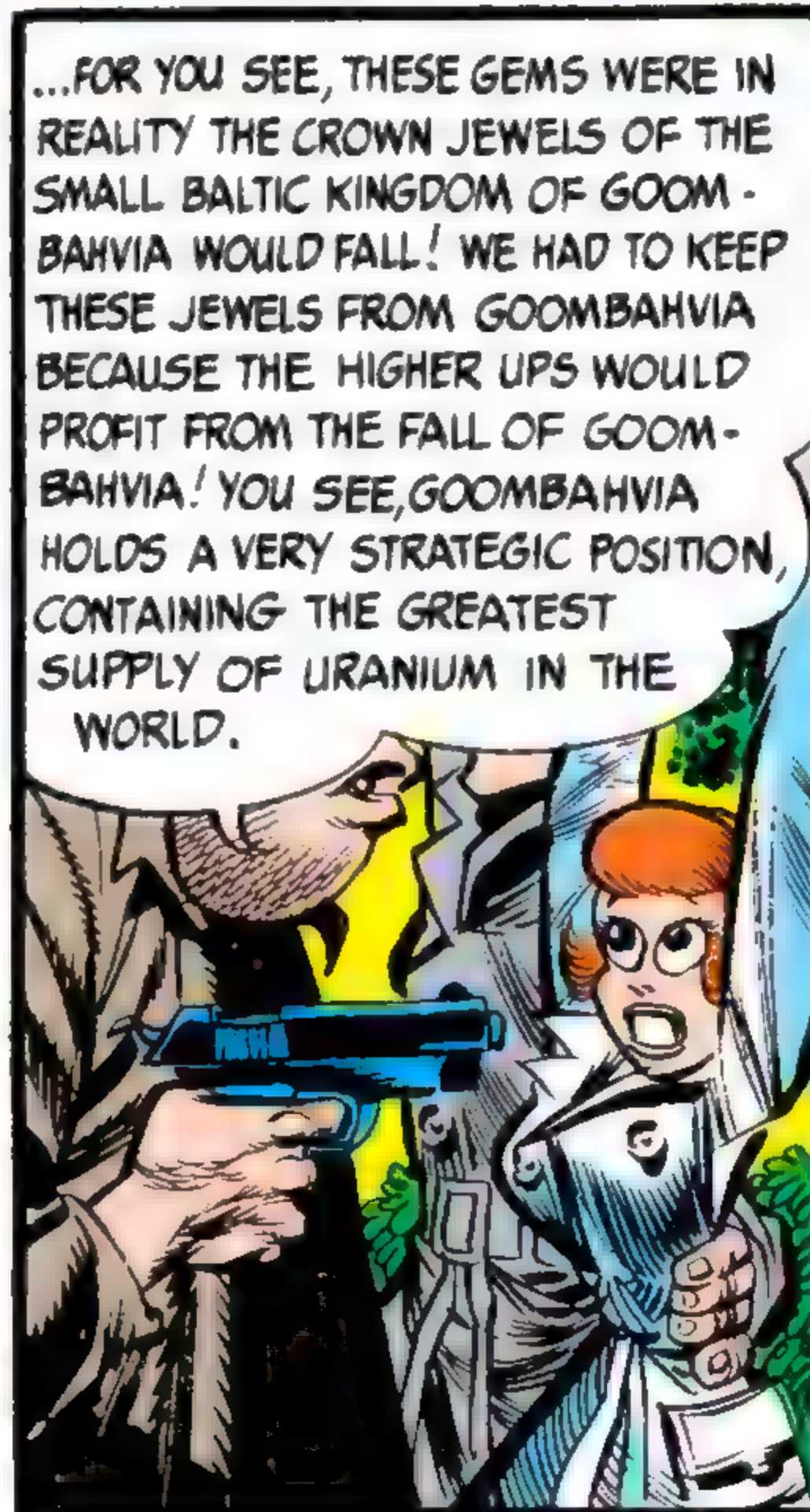
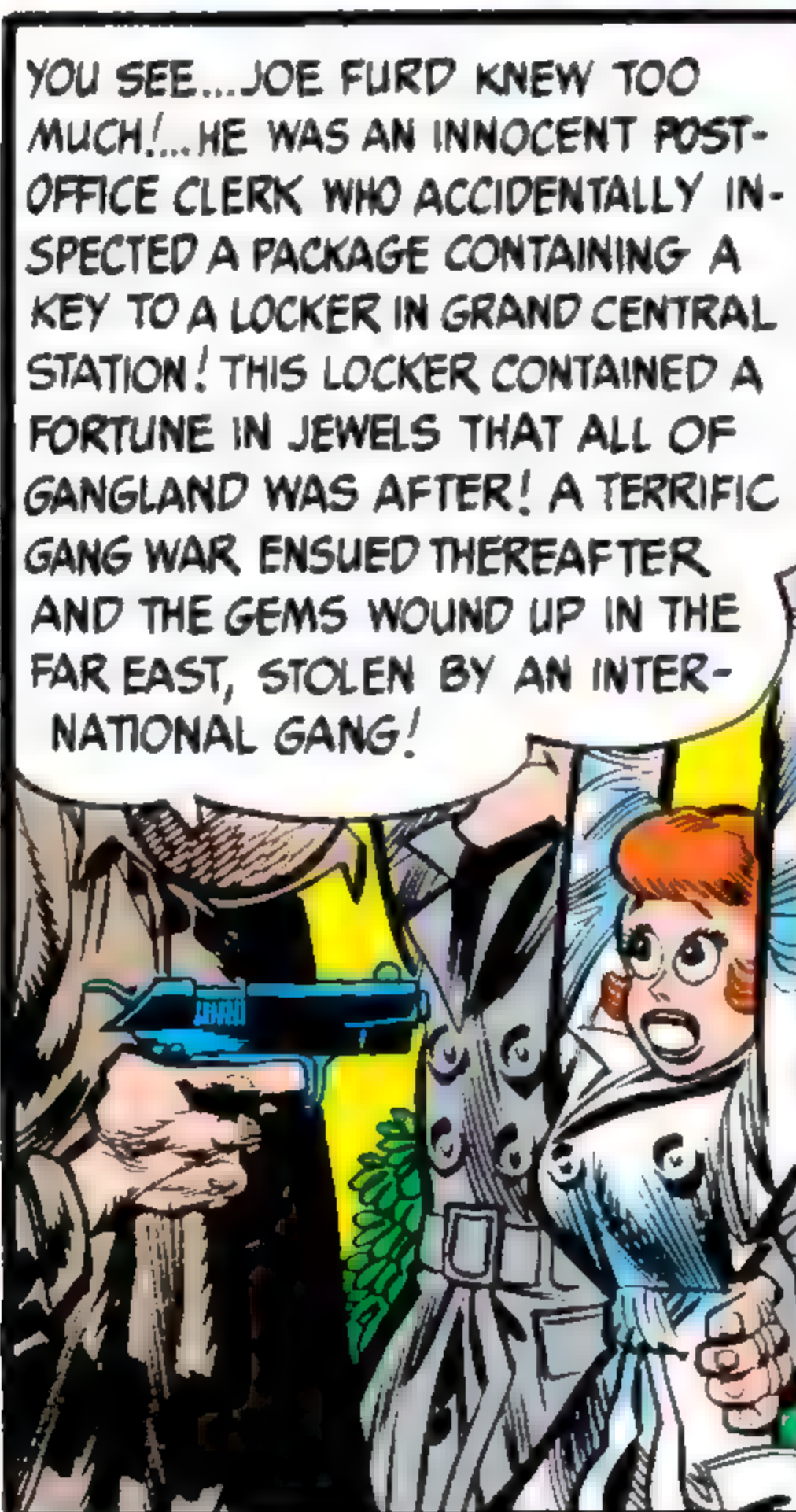
BLAM
BANG
BA DOW
BING
BOOM
AK AK

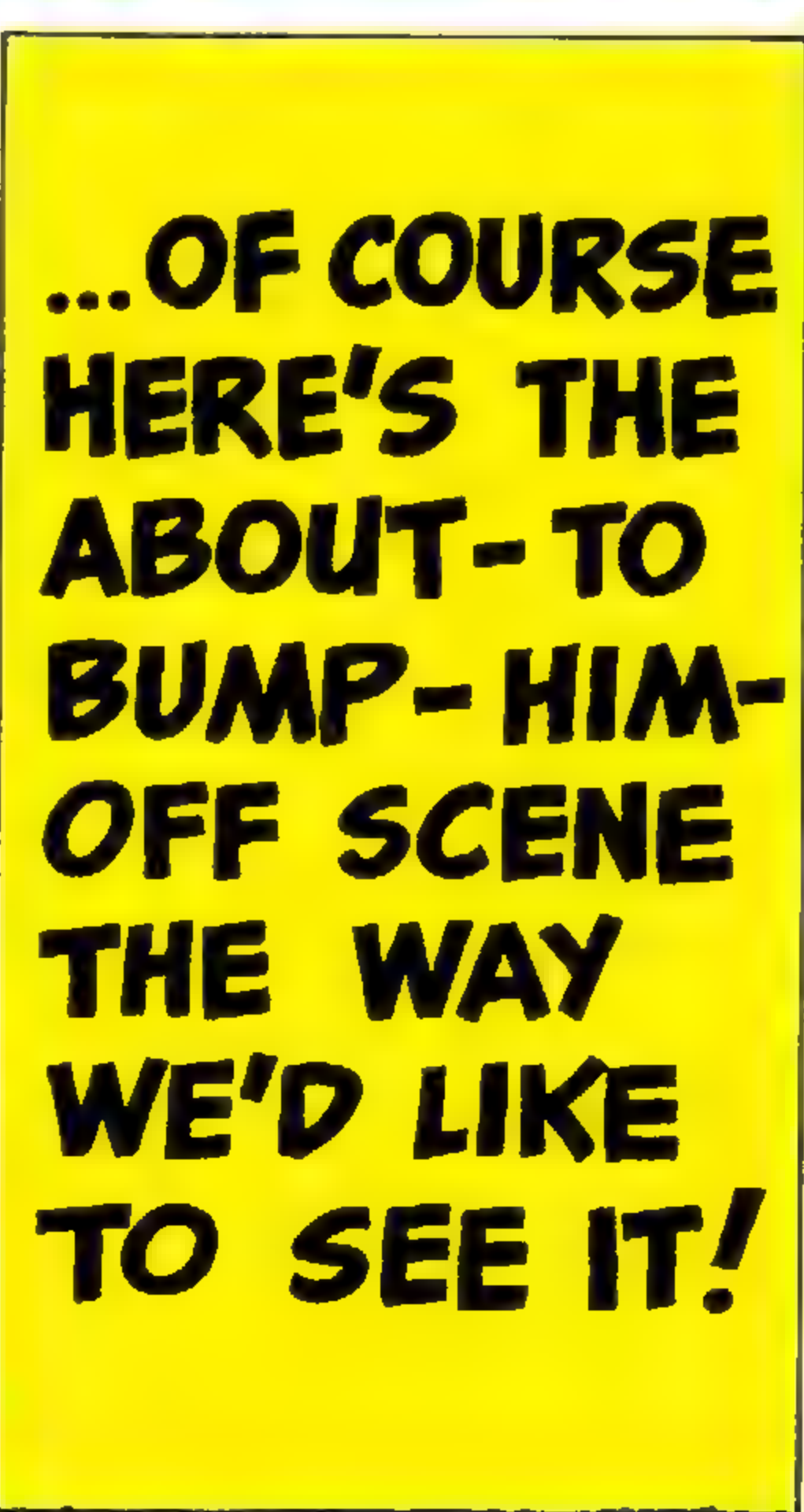
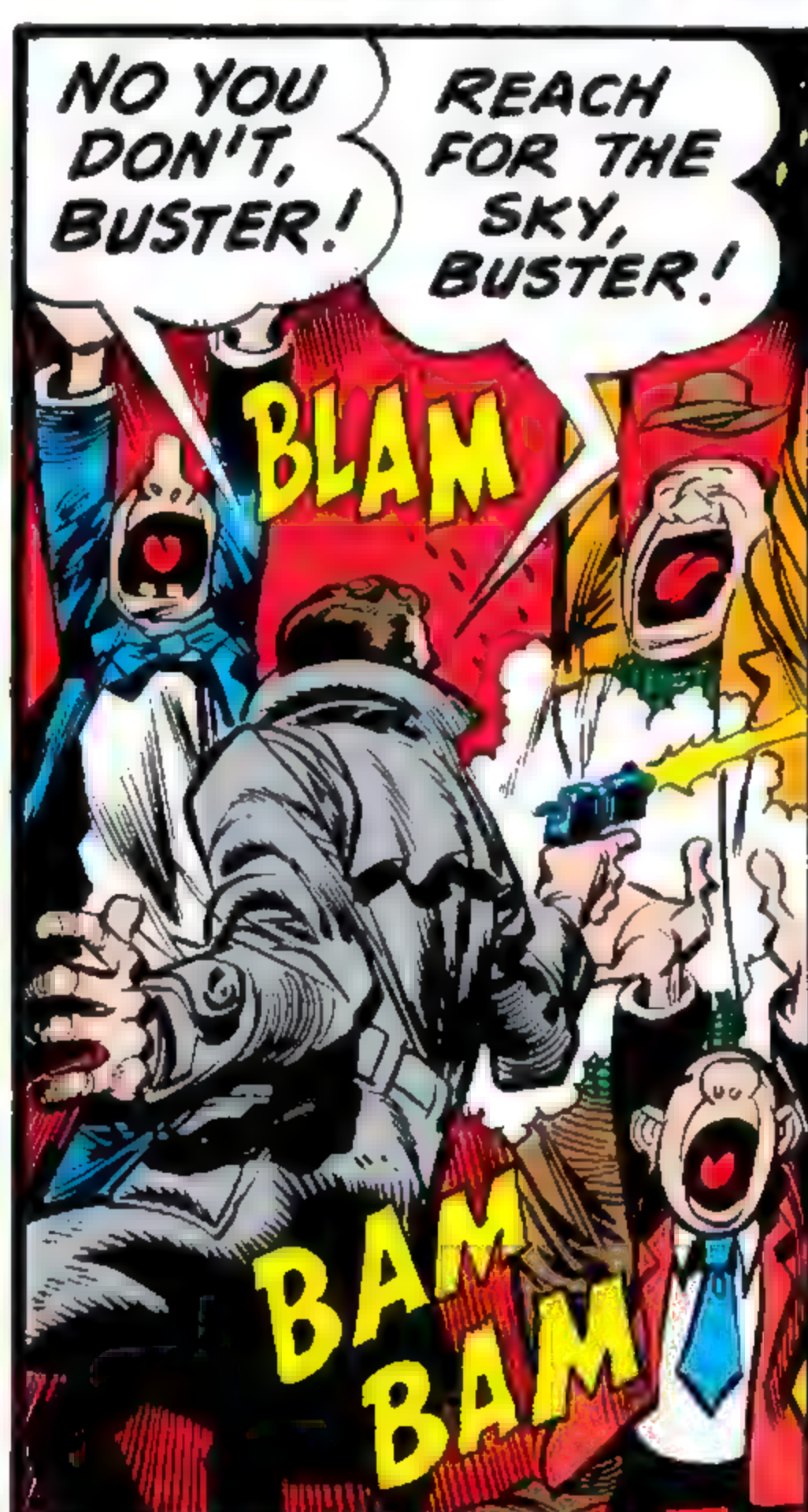
THERE HE GOES!... IT'S TAKEN MONTHS TO GET THE PROFESSOR OUT BUT HE'S SAFE NOW AND OUR SIDE WILL WIN THE WAR! AND NOW THAT I THINK BACK TO THE MANY MONTHS YOU WERE BY THE SIDE OF ME AND THE PROFESSOR, I CAN ONLY ASK YOU ONE THING, DARLING... WHAT'S HIS NAME?

**...HERE NOW
THE ESCAPE-
FROM-THE
NAZIS
SCENE THE
WAY WE'D
LIKE TO
SEE IT!**



LISTEN!... MAYBE YOU AIN'T SEEN ANY OF WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT! ... BUT THIS **NEXT** SCENE, WE GUARANTEE!... HOW'S ABOUT THE SCENE ALWAYS AT THE END OF THE DETECTIVE PICTURE, WHERE THE GOOD GUY, SNOOPING AROUND WITH HIS GIRL... A GORGEOUS RED-HEAD... IS CAUGHT BY THE BAD GUYS! SO NOW THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BUMP HIM OFF! YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THE MAIN CROOK IS... YOU DON'T KNOW THE MOTIVES... THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BUMP HIM OFF! NATURALLY... THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS... IN THE **ABOUT-TO-BUMP-HIM-OFF** SCENE ...





THEN HERE'S THAT FEATURE YOU ALL KNOW AND LOVE... BUT IF YOU THINK IT'S INTERESTING NOW... YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN IT IN THE OLD DAYS! YOU OLD-TIMERS KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!... REMEMBER WHEN THEY FIRST STARTED PRINTING IT?... MEMBER, YOU OLD-TIMERS?... IT WAS REAL QUEER... REAL WEIRD... REAL ECHHHH!... YOU KNOW... LIKE PEOPLE WHO READ MAD!... MEMBER YOU BUSTED-DOWN OLD-TIMERS YOU?... OF COURSE, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT

RIPUP'S

Believe It or Don't!



THE HUMAN PINCUSHION

GUNG GOHOME, Hindu Ascetic, WALKED IN THE HOT SUN with 50 sharp spear-like pins embedded in his flesh — to make penance — to punish self — but mainly to help wife who was sewing new veil and needed pin-cushion!



SYMBOL OF DEATH!

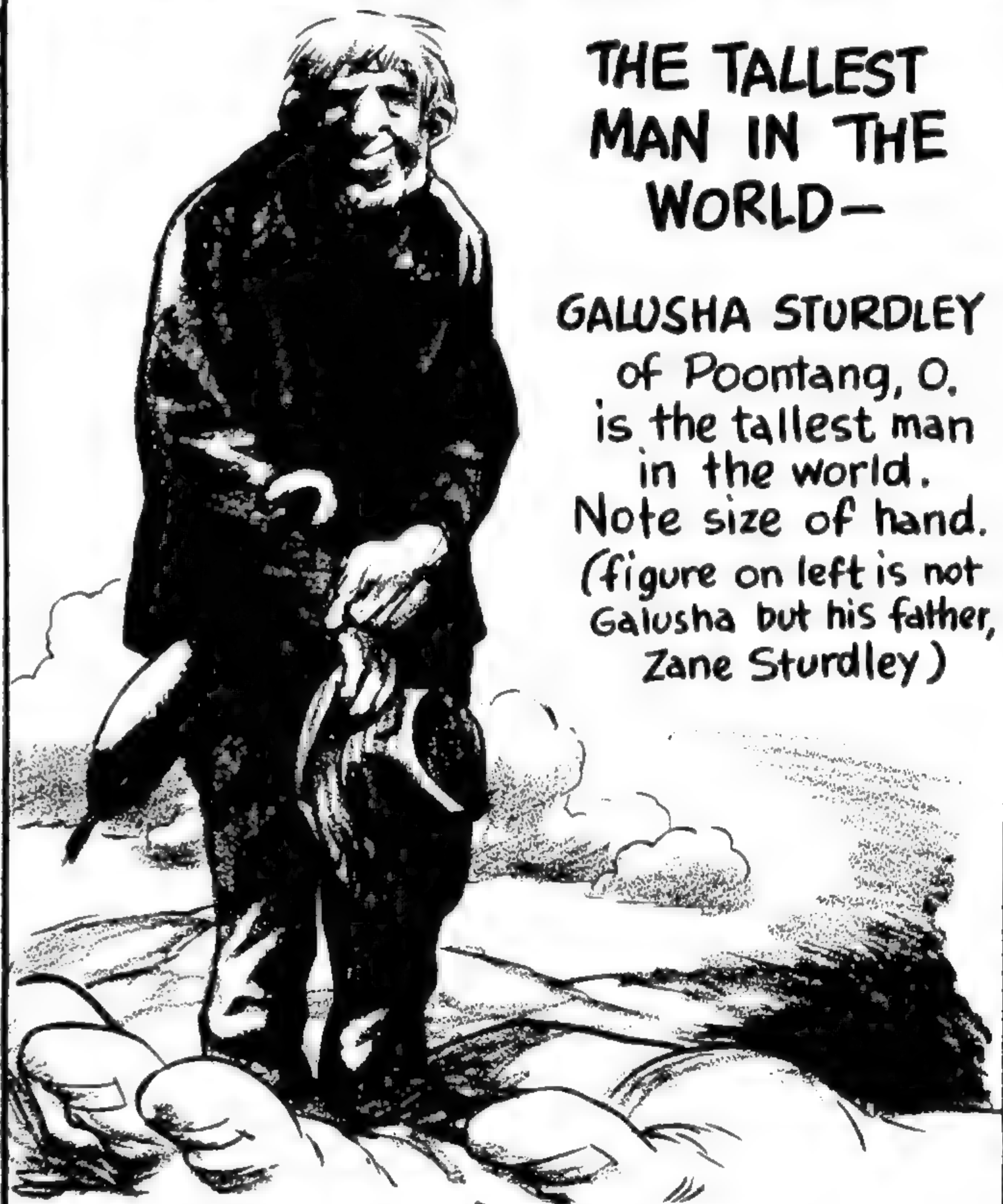
SACRED SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN SYMBOL, WHEN GAZED UPON, CAUSES DEATH WITHIN THE YEAR! Too bad if you looked.

MELVIN FURD of Banff, Vt., is a MARTIAN!



THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD—

GALUSHA STURDLEY of Poontang, O. is the tallest man in the world. Note size of hand. (figure on left is not Galusha but his father, Zane Sturdley)



GALUSHA IS HAND FATHER ZANE IS STANDING UPON!

Rrrrrrrrip.

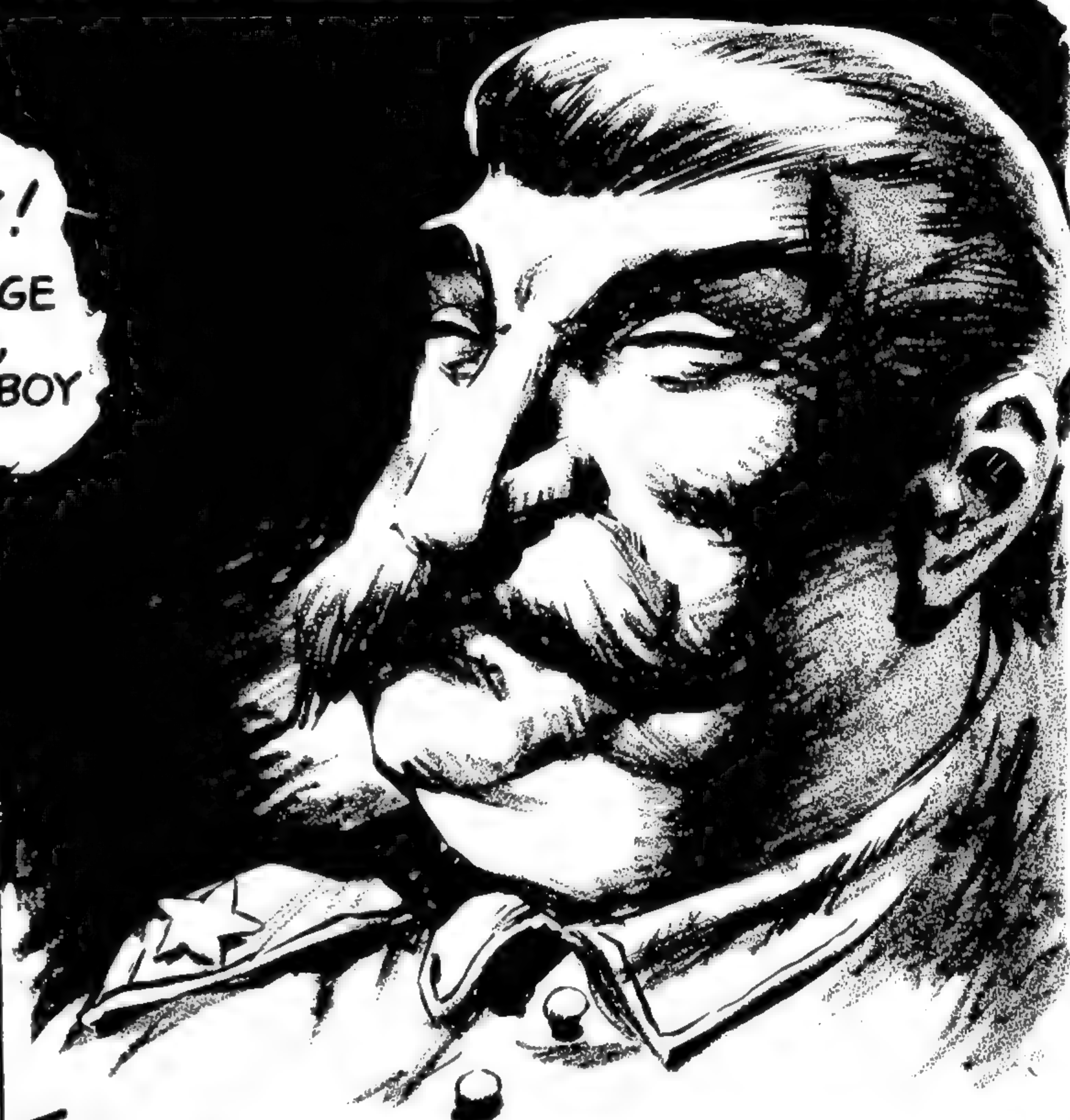
... 'MEMBER? HAH?... 'MEMBER THE WAY HE'D SHOW A GUY WHO COULD STICK HIS ELBOW IN HIS EAR?... OR THE GUY WHO HANGS BY HIS EYEBALLS?... OR THE GUY WHO COULD STICK HIS ELBOW IN HIS EYEBALLS WHILE HANGING BY HIS EAR? BUT MAINLY HE'D DIG UP THESE UNBELIEVABLE FACTS YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IN A MILLION YEARS... FULLY AUTHENTICATED, FULLY DOCUMENTED, AND APPROVED BY PARENTS MAGAZINE... LIKE FOR INSTANCE...

RIPUP'S — Believe It or Don't!

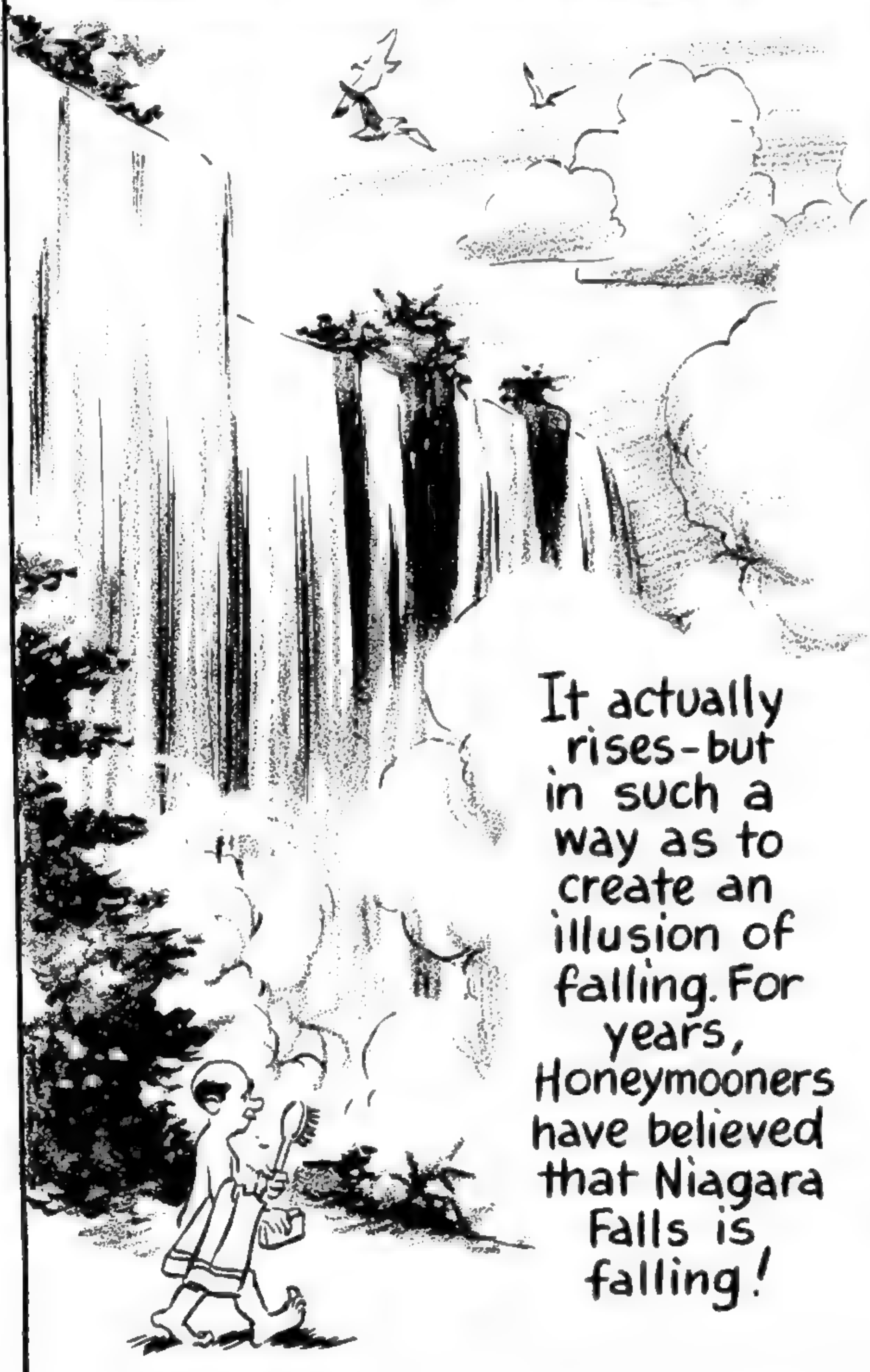
JOSEPH STALIN

WAS BORN IN THE BRONX!

HE WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE
SELLING MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS,
AND THEN WENT WEST TO BE A COWBOY
BEFORE HE CROSSED THE OCEAN
AND BECAME DICTATOR OF
RUSSIA!



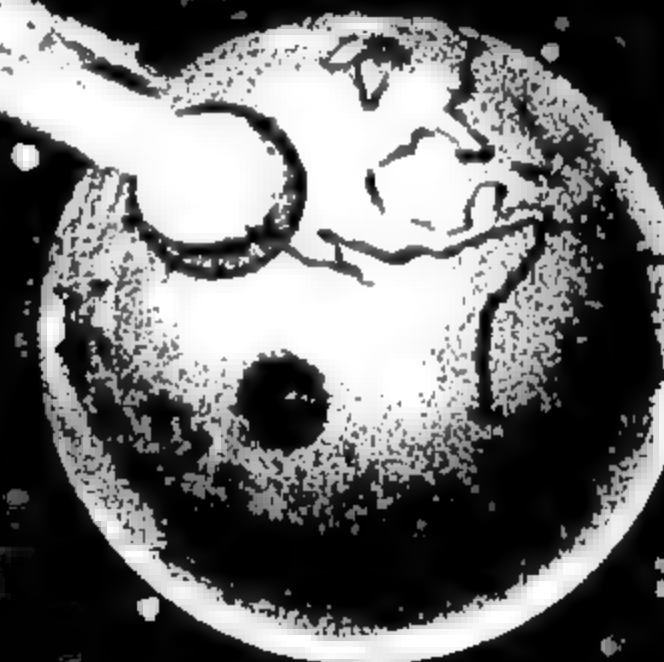
NIAGARA FALLS DOES **NOT** FALL!



It actually
rises—but
in such a
way as to
create an
illusion of
falling. For
years,
Honeymooners
have believed
that Niagara
Falls is
falling!

THE EARTH HAS 10 YEARS TO LIVE!

A comet is heading
DIRECTLY TOWARDS EARTH
and is due to smash it
into oblivion in **APRIL, 1955!**



$$5+3-2=7248$$

FIRE
IS A LIQUID!

Rrrrrrip

...MEMBER?... BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO, AS YOU OLD-TIMERS... YOU BUSTED-DOWN RACKETTY OLD-TIMERS... REMEMBER! MEANWHILE, RIPUP IS FOR MANY YEARS, GONE FROM THE SCENE! NEVERTHELESS, "BELIEVE IT OR DON'T" CONTINUES... BUT SOMEHOW, IT'S NOT THE SAME!... SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE... SOMETIME... SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE... IT IS DIFFERENT!... THE EUCHHH IS GONE!... YOU SEE... EUCHHH HAS BEEN REPLACED BY YECHHH!... LIKE FOR INSTANCE...

RIPUP'S — Believe It or Don't!



RENFREW ZETS FELL FROM A 50 STORY WINDOW- AND LIVED!

Fortunately, there was a fire escape outside the window.

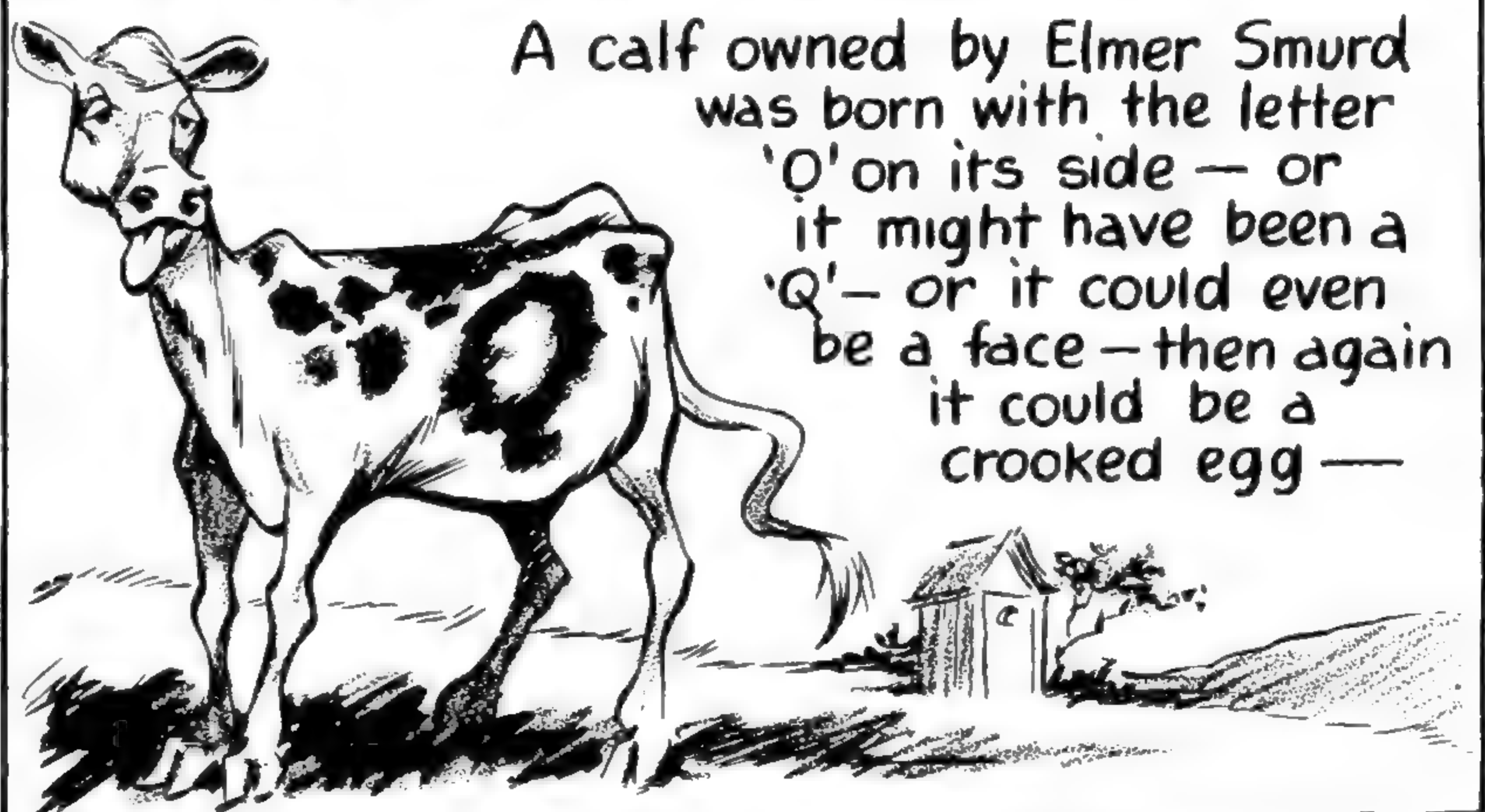
HE ALWAYS READS SIDWAYS!

Eddie Ptung reads his Chinese language newspaper up and down instead of left to right!



SERUTAN
spelled backwards is
NATURES

CALF BORN WITH LETTER 'O'!



A calf owned by Elmer Smurd was born with the letter 'O' on its side — or it might have been a 'Q' — or it could even be a face — then again it could be a crooked egg —

OPTICAL ILLUSION

Sent in by Robert Hall
JACKET SEEMS TO TURN INSIDE-OUT, YET STAYS OUTSIDE-IN AND VISA-VERSA! (And why not? It's a reversible!)



HOLLYWOOD DEPT.: THIS IS THE STORY ABOUT A WOMAN, WHO IN SPITE OF THE SUCCESS HER BEAUTY BROUGHT HER, WAS NOT AVERSE TO TAKING OFF HER SHOES TO WALK BAREFOOT, BECAUSE SHE WANTED TO KEEP HER FEET IN THE DIRT... BECAUSE SHE WANTED TO PRESERVE AN HONEST PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE... BECAUSE, MAINLY, SHE HAD CORNS...

THE BAREFOOT NOCOUNTRESSA!

"THE
WORLD'S
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
ANIMAL"*

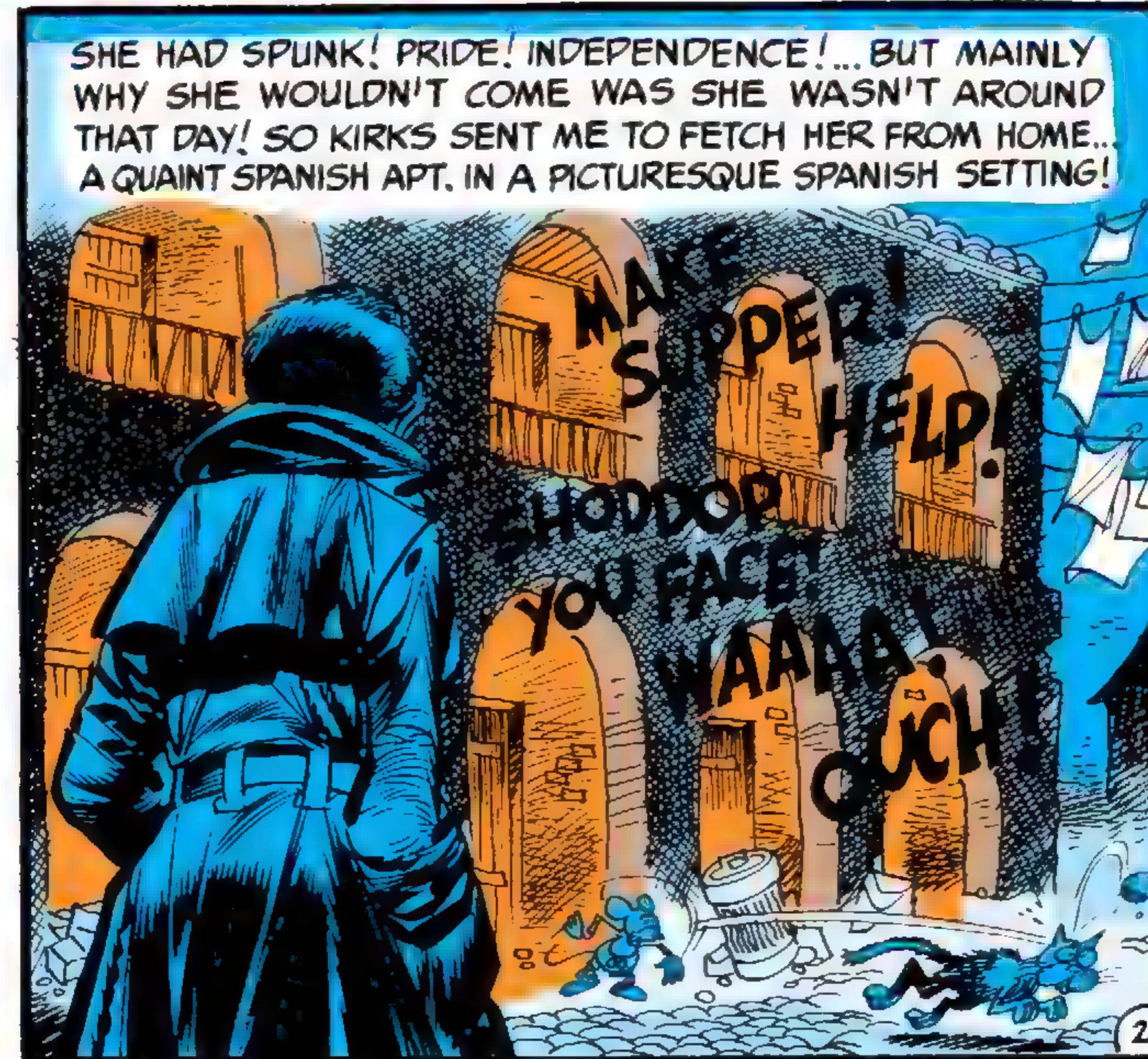
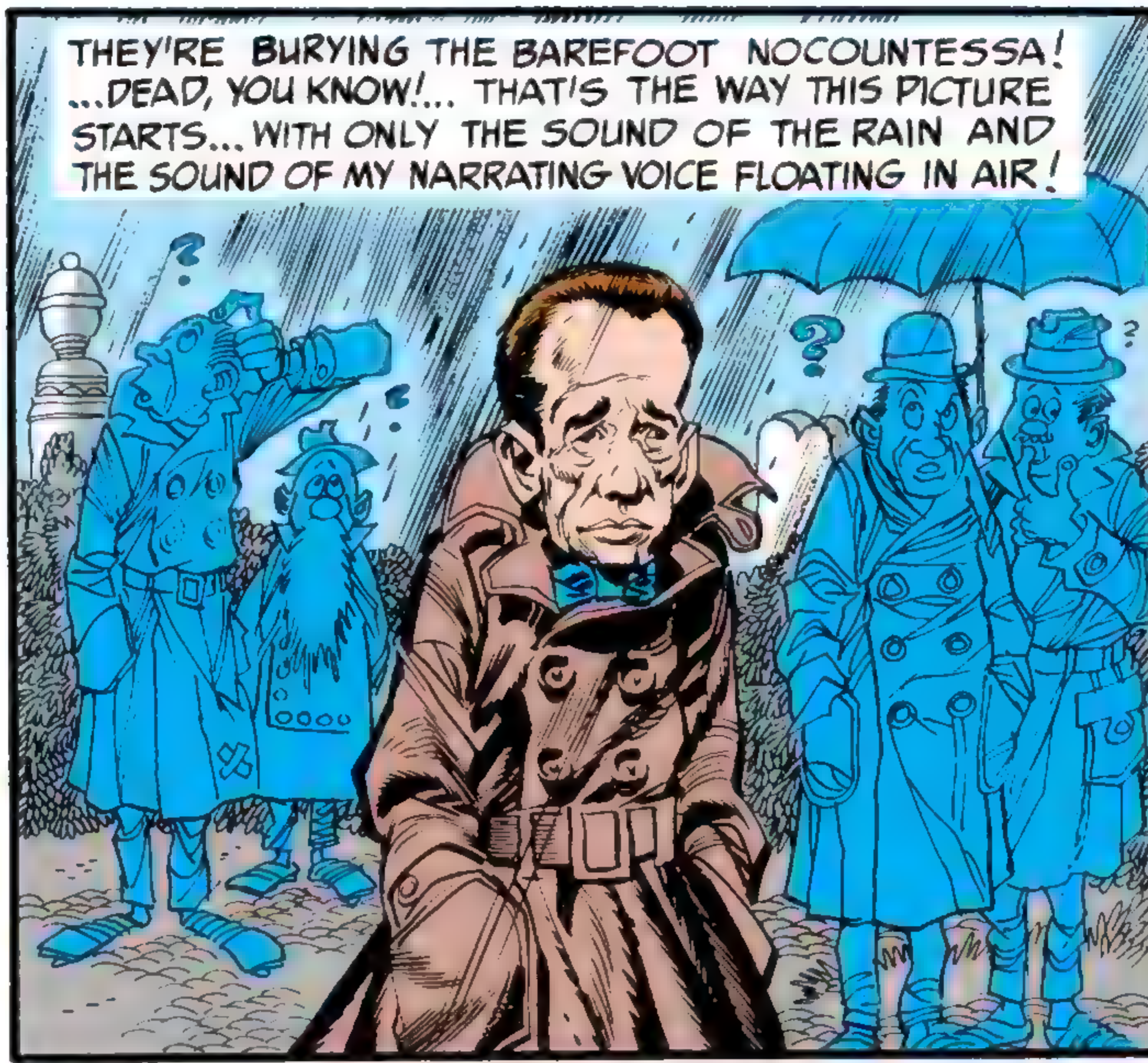
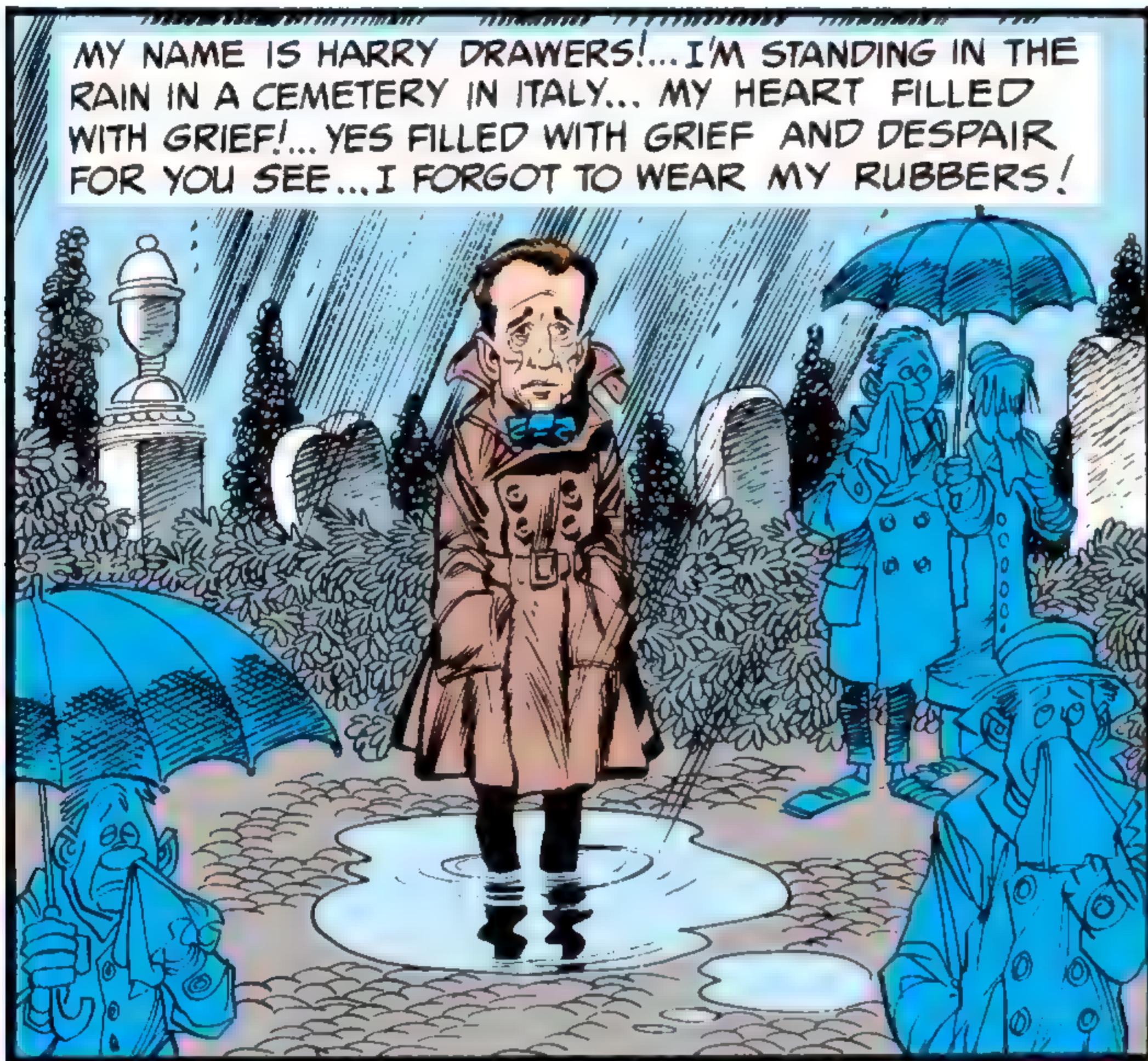
* starring 'LASSIE'

with
Humphrey
YOGURT
AND
Ava
NOTHER

PLUS A CAST OF
PLASTER

PRODUCED BY JACK DAVIS





THE QUAIN SHRIEKING OF HER EVER-LOVING PEASANT FAMILY REACHED ME AS THE DOOR OPENED! SHE STOOD THERE, AND AS I GAZED UPON HER BEAUTY, I WAS STRUCK DUMB!...YES!... BY A WHIZZING BAG OF GARBAGE!



IT WAS THEN I KNEW AND UNDERSTOOD WHY SHE WALKED BAREFOOT... THAT THIS PEASANT LIFE WAS A PART OF HER... AND IT WAS HERE THAT HER HEART WAS AND HERE SHE BELONGED!... SHE SPOKE...



YOU MEAN YOU'LL GO **NOW**... TO KIRKS? ...TO HOLLYWOOD? ...WITHOUT EVEN PACKING OR TAKING YOUR SHOES?

...I HAVE THE PHILOSOPHY... NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS... IT IS WELL TO KEEP THE FEET IN THE DIRT!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL GO **NOW**... WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBYE TO YOUR QUAIN PEASANT FOLKS?

...I HAVE THE PHILOSOPHY... NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL GO **NOW**... WITHOUT EVEN SHUTTING OFF THE WATER IN THE TUB?

...I HAVE THE PHILOSOPHY... QUE SARA SARA ... OR WHO'S SARAH?

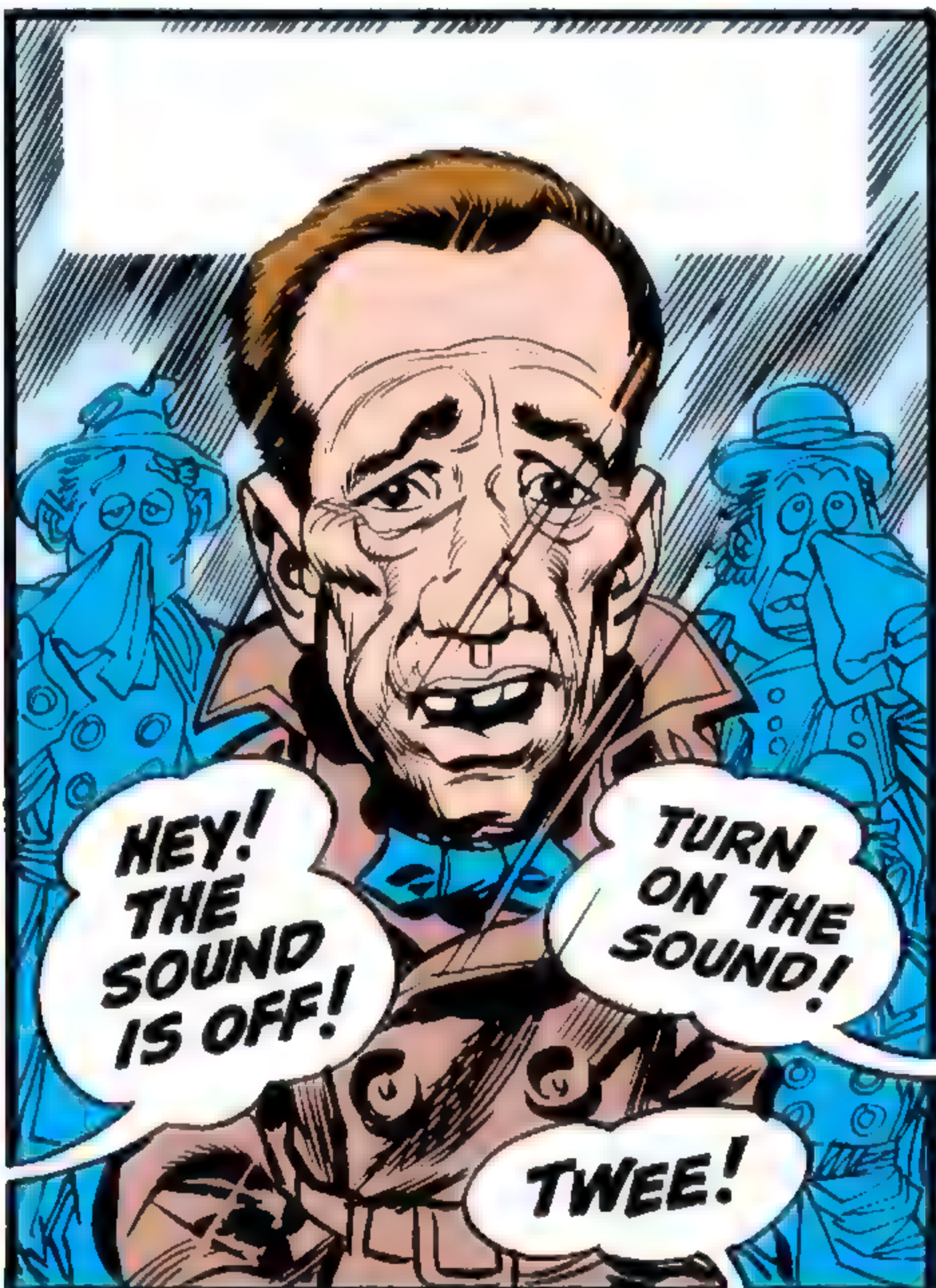
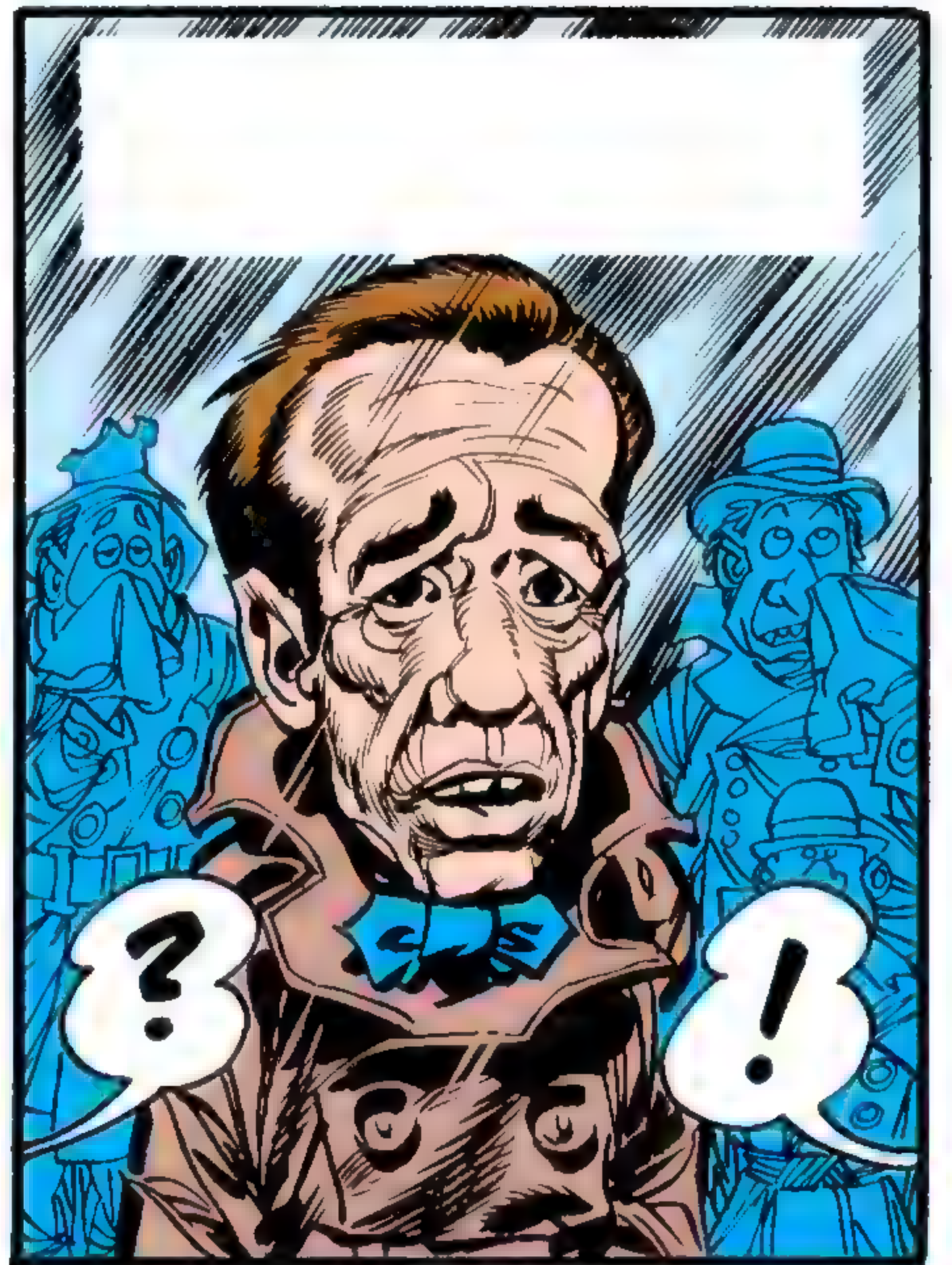
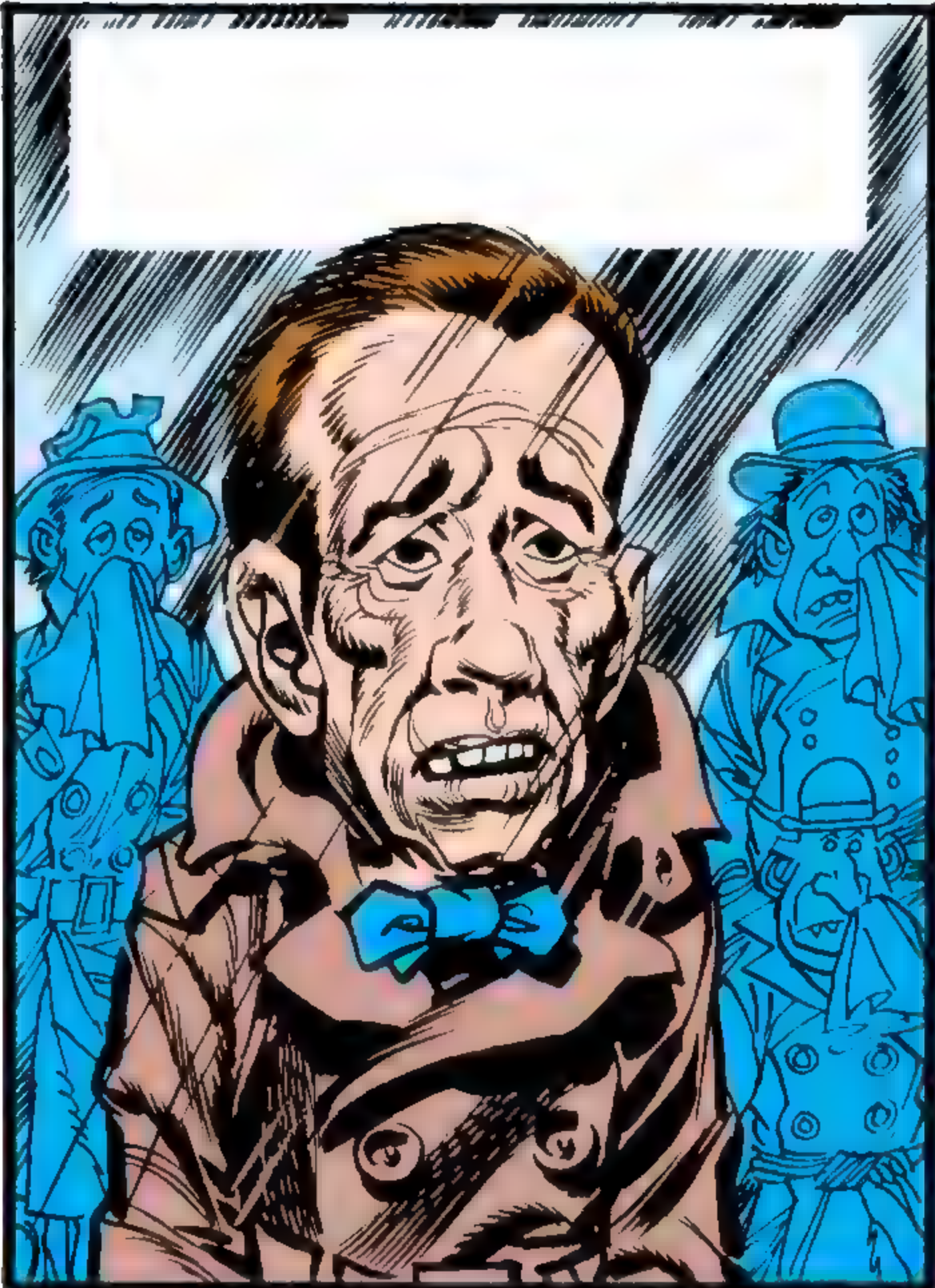


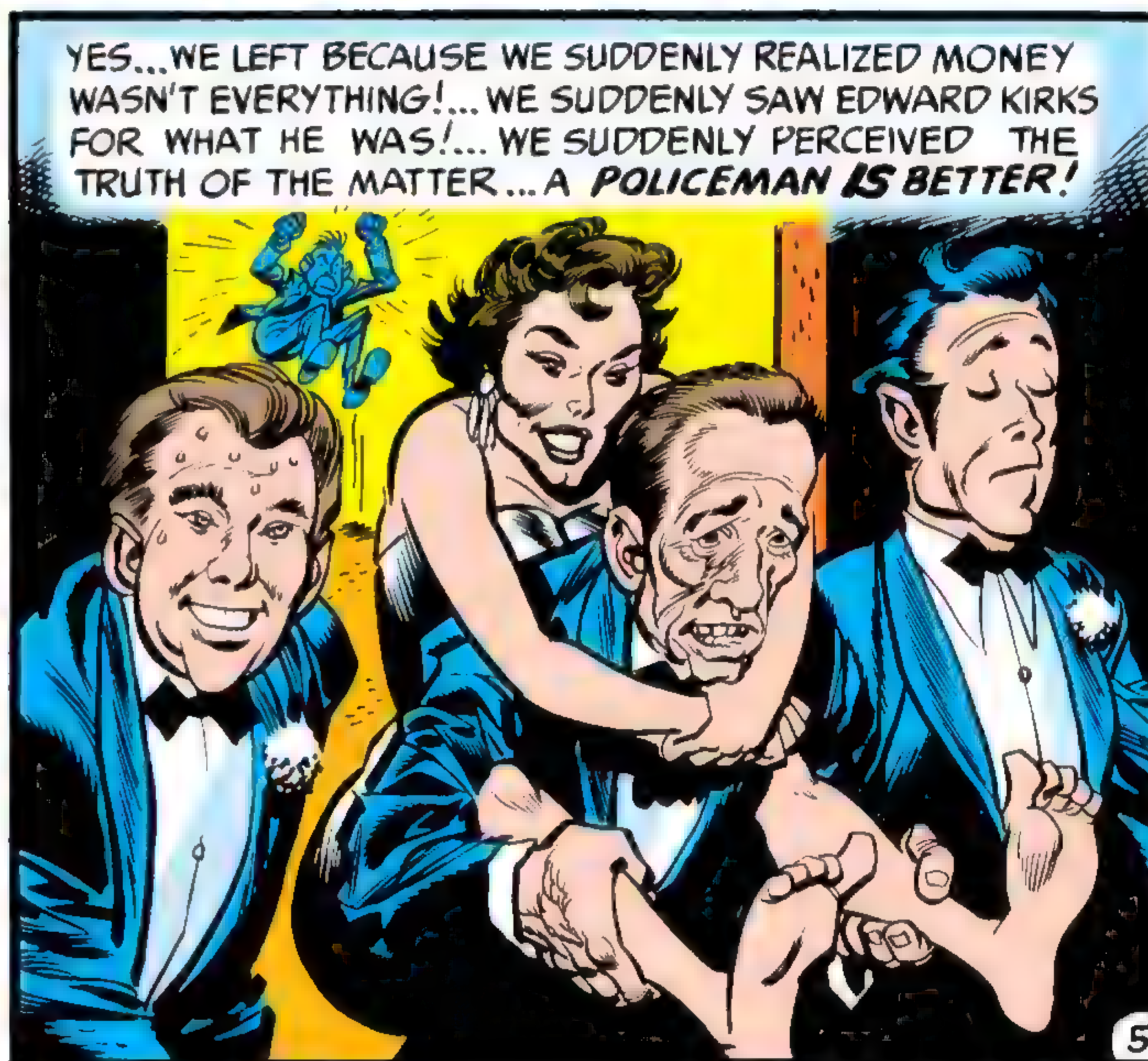
AND SO I TOOK THE 'BAREFOOT' AWAY TO THE U.S., TO EDWARD KIRKS WHO WAS DESTINED TO BE HER BOYFRIEND!... NO... JUST BECAUSE HER ARMS WERE AROUND MY NECK IT DIDN'T MEAN LOVE!



WHAT IT MEANT THAT HER ARMS WERE ABOUT MY NECK, THAT HER BODY WAS PRESSED CLOSE TO MINE AND THAT HER HEAD LEANED ON MY SHOULDER WAS HER FEET HURT AND I HADDA CARRY HER PIGGY-BACK!







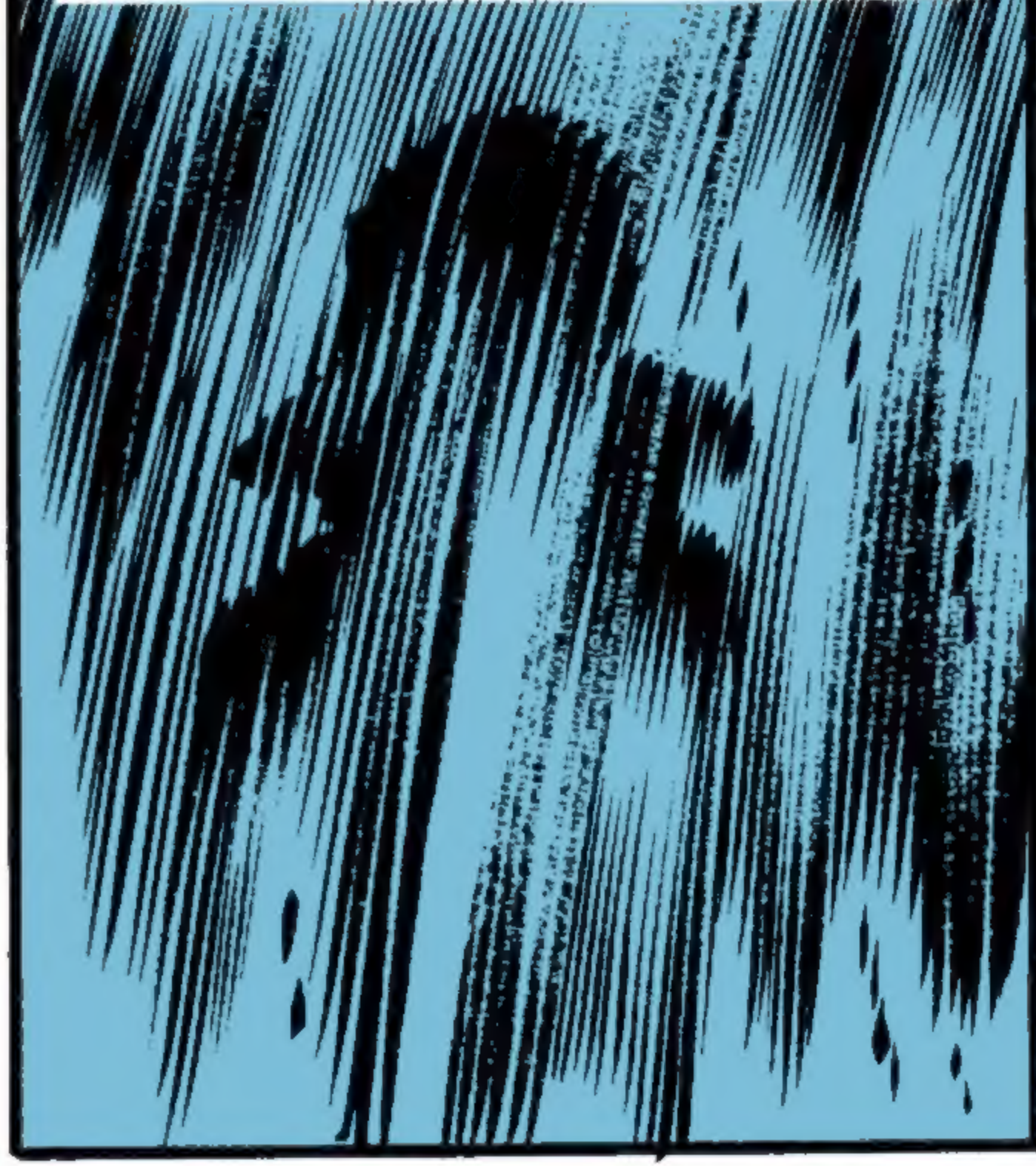
BUT IT PUZZLED ME... WHY THE BAREFOOT NOCOUNTESSA NEVER STUCK WITH ONE MAN... WHY THIS BURIAL IS TAKING SO LONG!



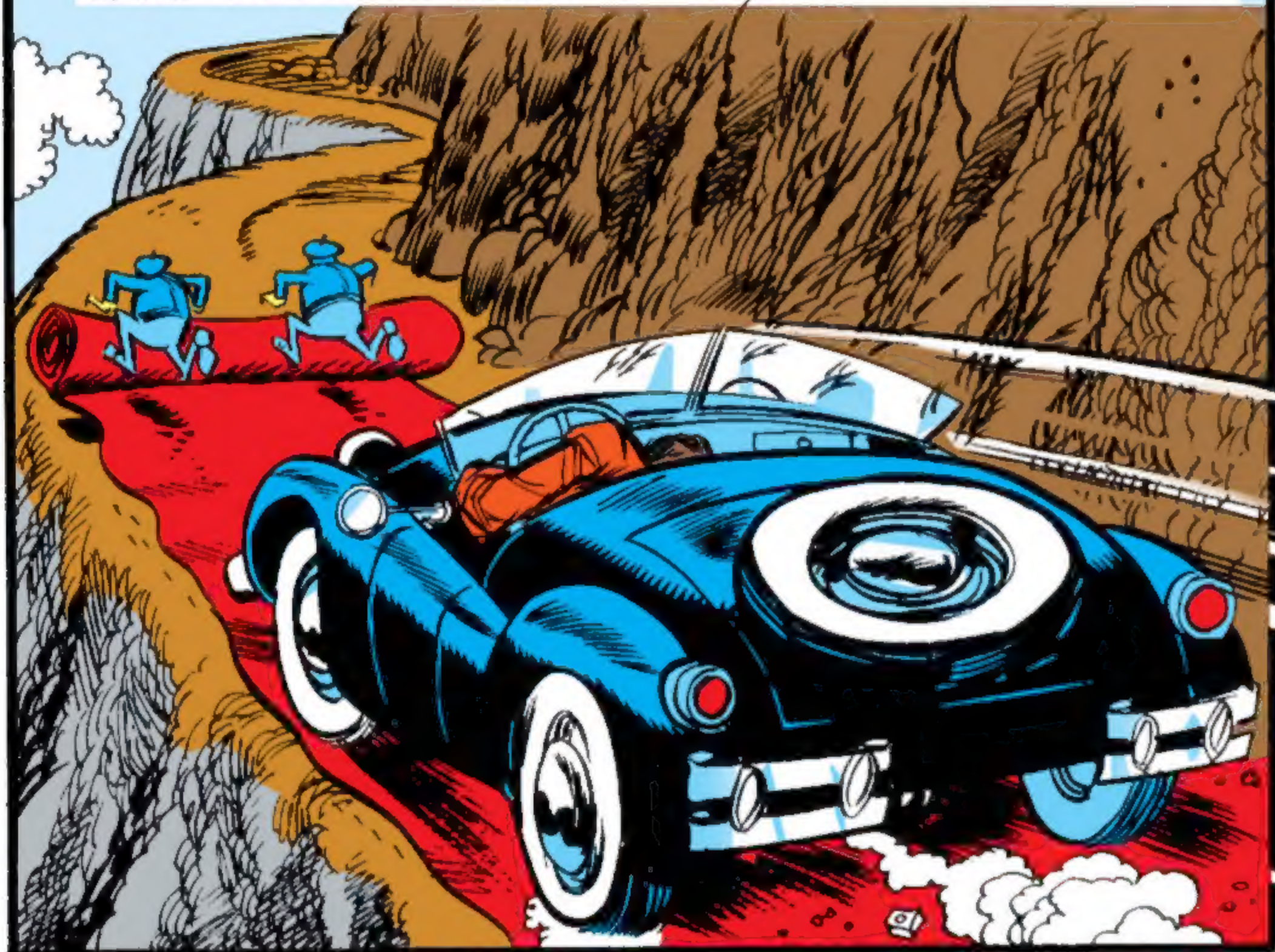
HOWEVER DESPITE HER RICHES... SHE REMAINED SIMPLE AT HEART ALWAYS KEEPING A SILVER DISH OF DIRT NEAR TO PUT HER FEET IN!



BUT I COULD SEE SHE WAS RESTLESS... UNABLE TO SIT STILL!... I THINK WHAT IT WAS IS SHE GOT A ITCHY RASH FROM KEEPING FEET IN DIRT!



ACTUALLY SHE WAS EVER SEEKING A PRINCE-CHARMING WHO WAS ALSO HONEST, SIMPLE, BASIC, DOWN-TO-EARTH BUT MAINLY FILTHY-RICH! AND ONE DAY HE CAME ALONG... **COUNT VINCENZO-TORLATO-PIZZARIA!**



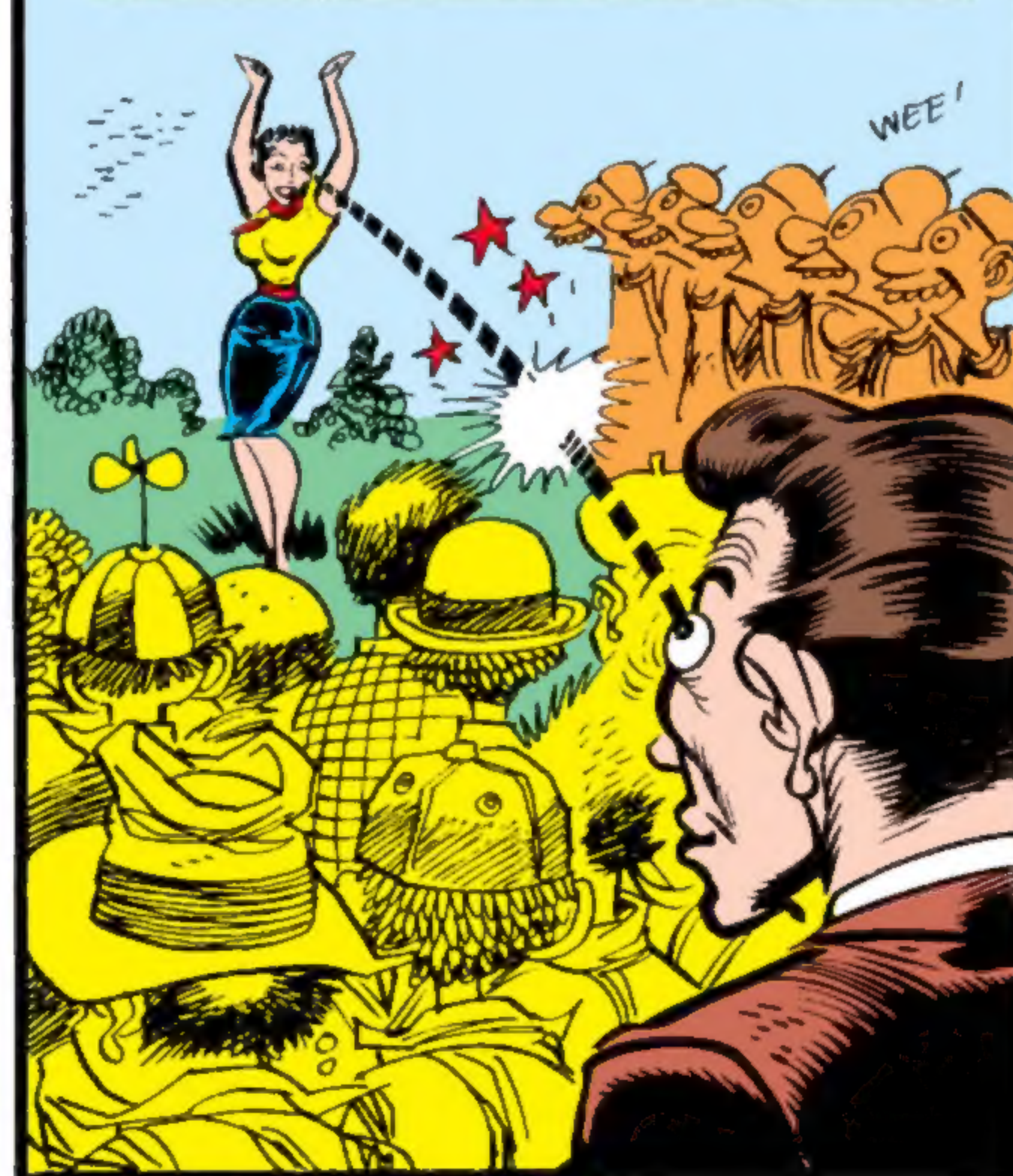
THE 'BAREFOOT' WAS DANCING IN A FIELD AMID A BUNCH OF HONEST, SIMPLE, BASIC, DOWN-TO-EARTH LOUSY PEASANT SKUNK-FARMER GYPSIES! THE COUNT STOPPED THE CAR OBEYING A MYSTERIOUS INEXPLICABLE FORCE, NAMELY HER SHAPE!



...AND THE MOMENT THEIR EYES MET ... THEY KNEW THEY WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER... EVEN THOUGH SHE COULD ONLY SEE ONE EYE!



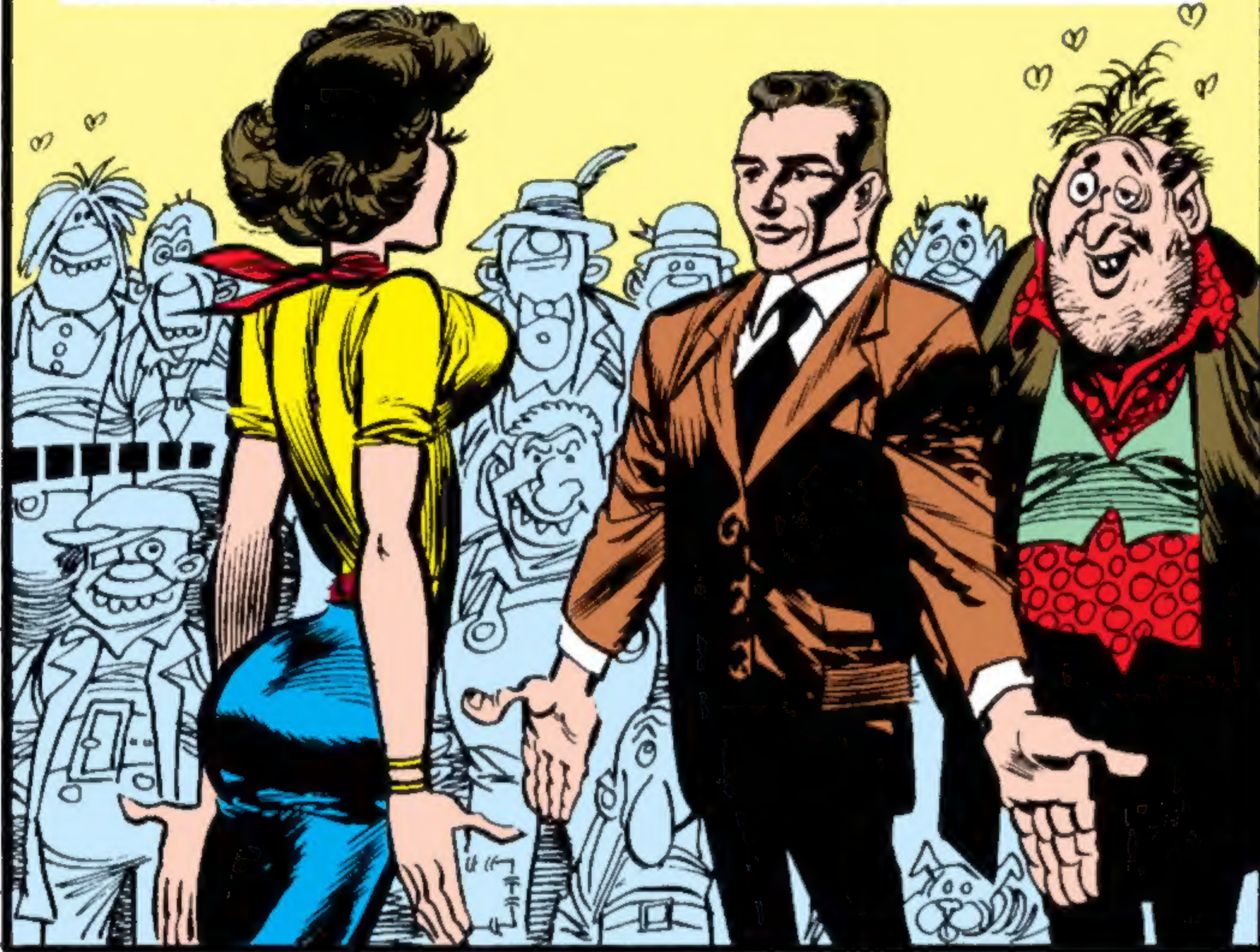
...AND HE COULD ONLY SEE THE SIDE OF ONE EYE... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... HOW SOME ENCHANTED EVENING, YOU WILL SEE A STRANGER...



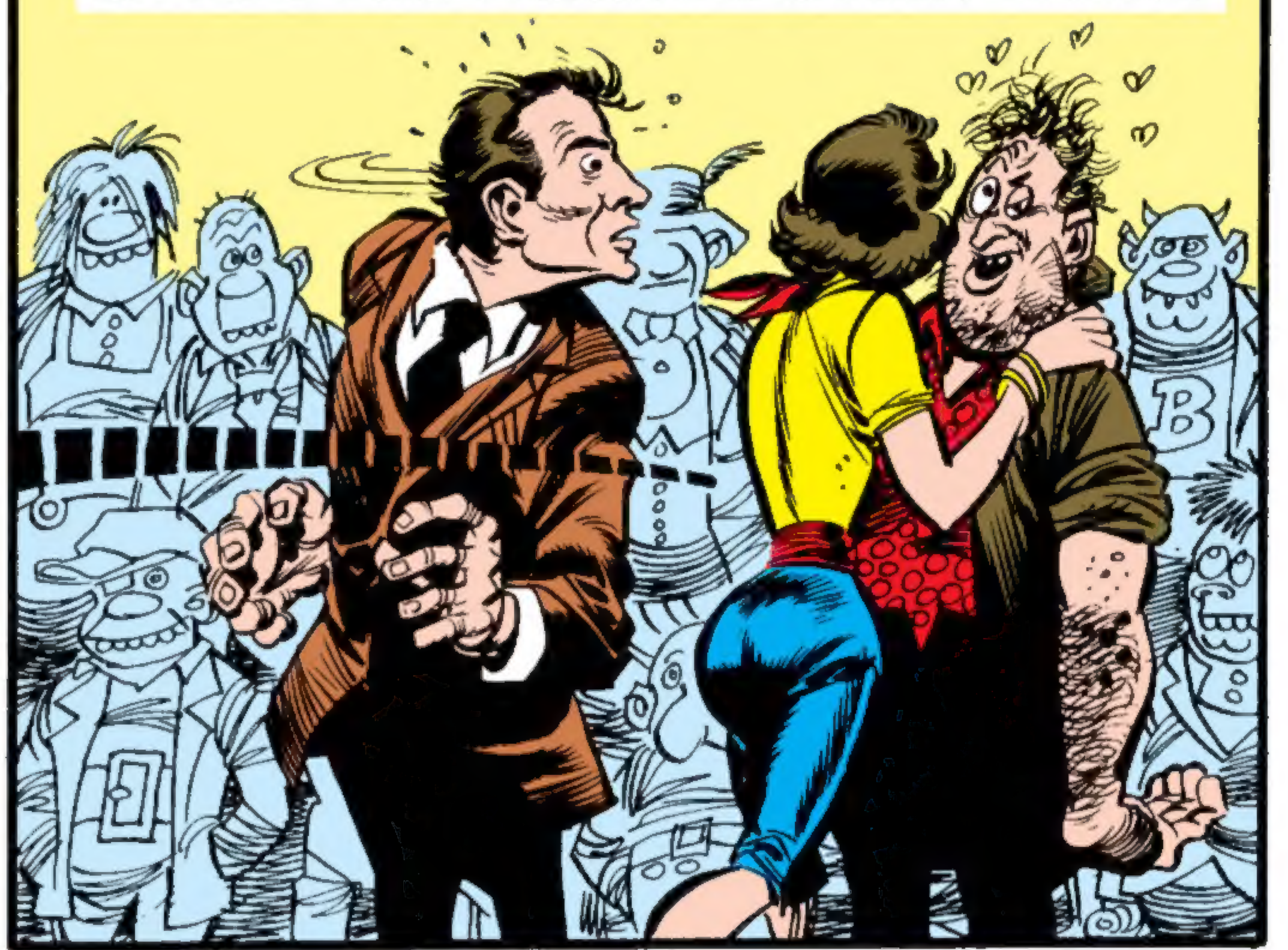
...YOU WILL SEE A STRANGER ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM... THEN FLY TO HER SIDE, AND MAKE HER YOUR OWN... **HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WRONG STORY!**



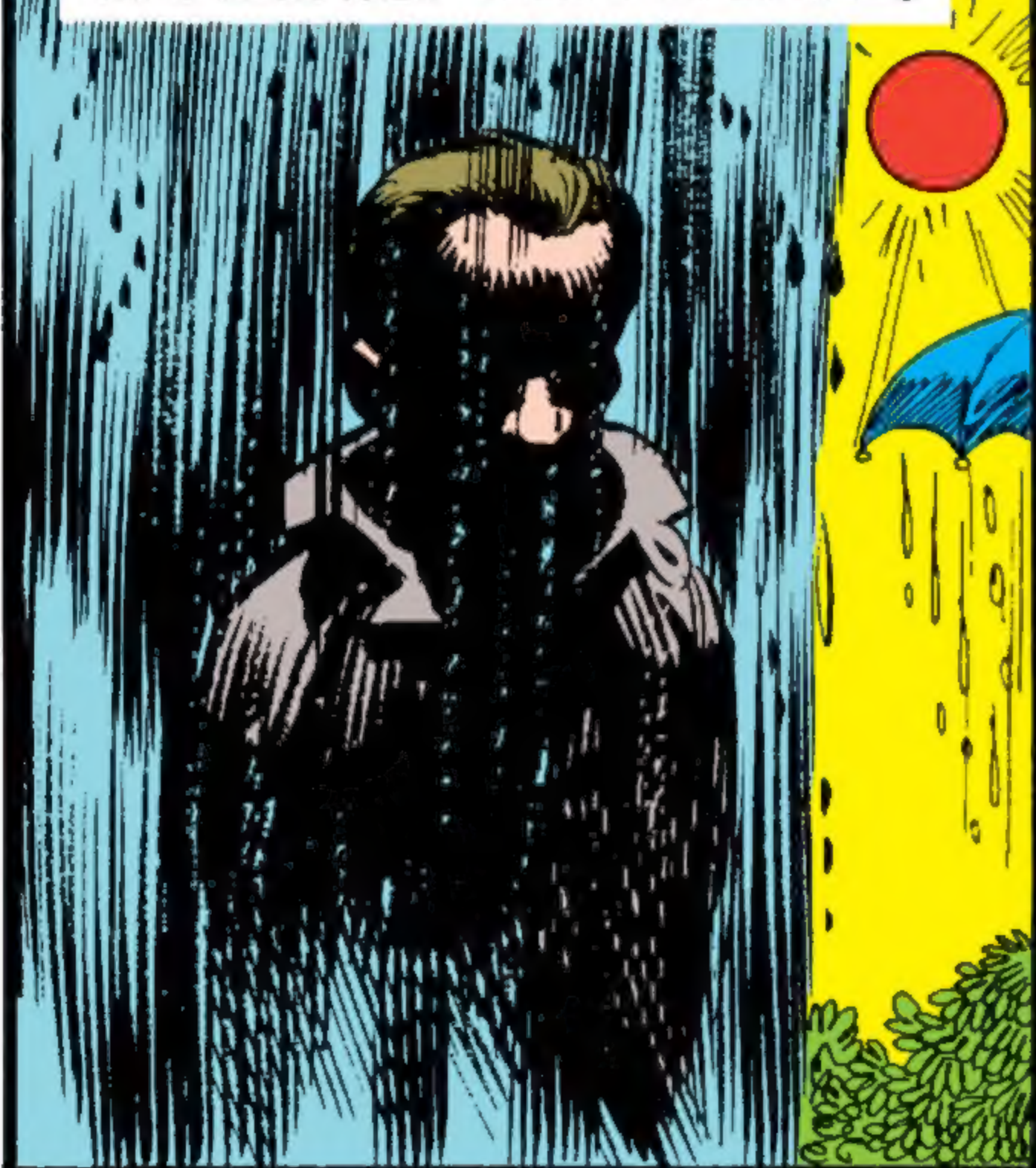
STRANGE, THE WORKINGS OF FATE, TAKING TWO PEOPLE A THOUSAND MILES APART AND BRINGING THEIR PATHS TOGETHER WITH AN INVISIBLE, YET IRRESISTIBLE FORCE LIKE THE ATTRACTION OF A MAGNET!



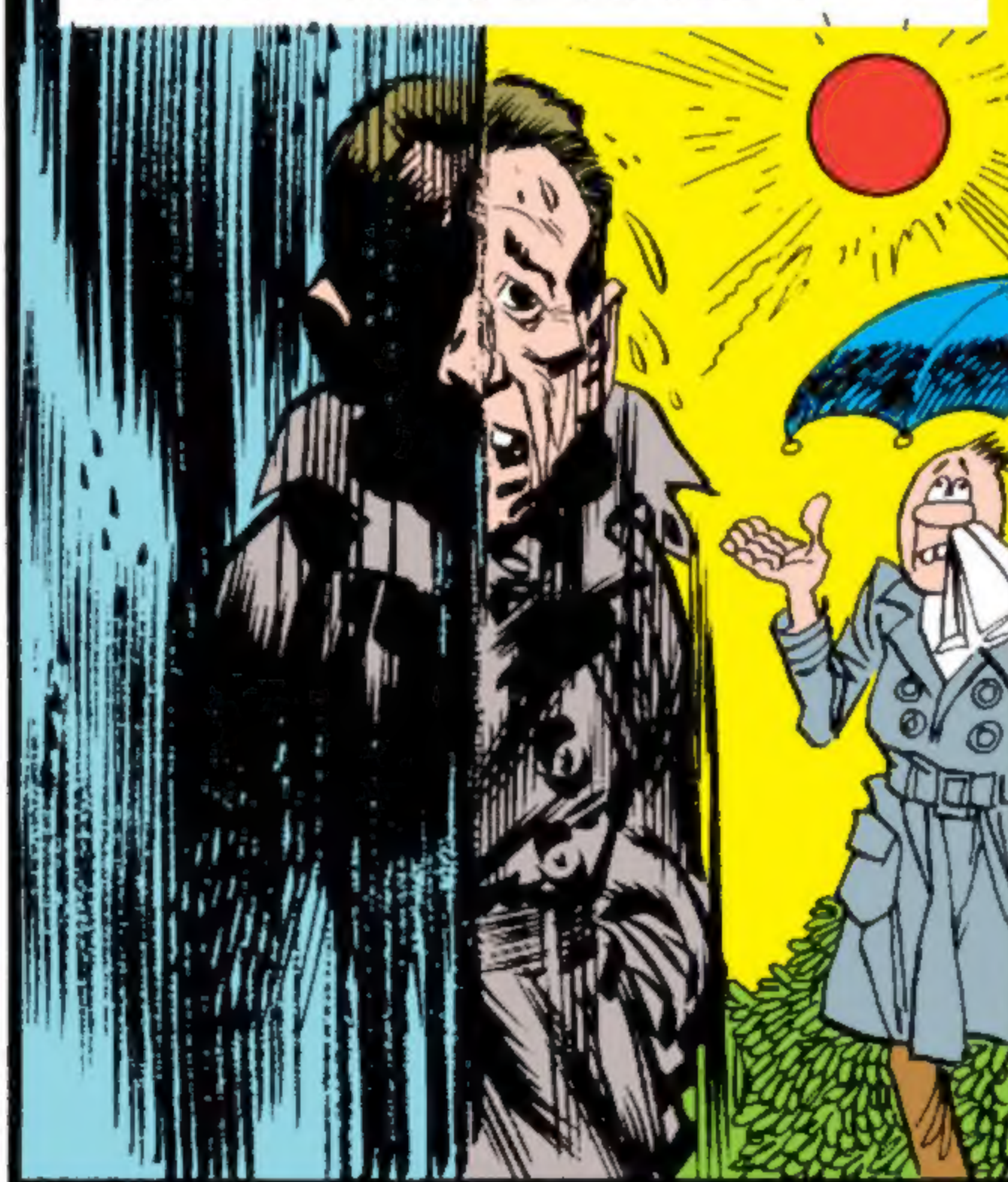
YES... STRANGE, HOW OF ALL THE MEN IN THIS WORLD, SHE CAME STRAIGHT TO HIM LIKE AN IRON FILING (Fe)!... STRAIGHT TO COUNT VINCENZO TORLATO-PIZZERIA YOU SAY?... NAAH!... STRAIGHT TO MELVIN COZNOWSKI!



HOWEVER, EVENTUALLY SHE CAME TO COUNT VINCENZO-TORLATO-PIZZERIA... TO COUNT HIS MONEY THAT IS... THEY WERE MARRIED!



BUT, LIKE WITH ALL THE OTHER MEN IN HER LIFE, TROUBLE AROSE... NAMELY HE KILLED HER! THIS TIME HER TROUBLE LOOKED SERIOUS!



YES... HE SHOT THE 'BAREFOOT', PROBABLY IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY!... AH THE BURIAL IS OVER! THERE'S THE COUNT NOW...



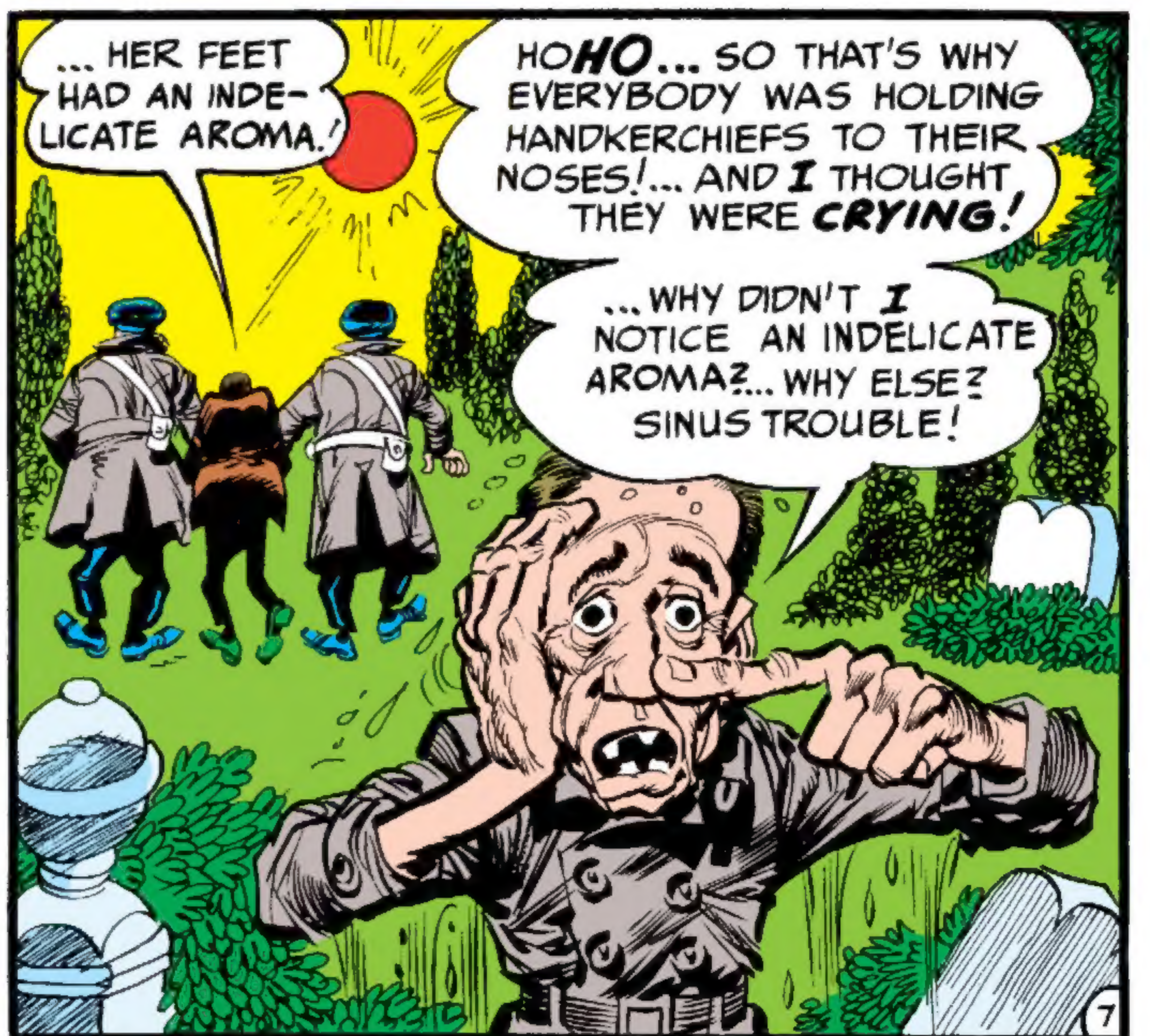
YOU THINK SHE HAD TROUBLE WITH THE MEN IN HER LIFE BECAUSE OF JEALOUSY?... YOU THINK I SHOT HER BECAUSE OF JEALOUSY? WELL YOU'RE WRONG WRONG! EVERYTHING WAS WONDERFUL! EVERYTHING WAS FINE... UNTIL SHE TOOK OFF HER SHOES!... I COULDN'T STAND IT WHENEVER SHE TOOK OFF HER FURSHLUGINNER SHOES! ...FOR YOU SEE...



... HER FEET HAD AN INDELICATE AROMA!

HOHO... SO THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY WAS HOLDING HANDKERCHIEFS TO THEIR NOSES!... AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE **CRYING**!

... WHY DIDN'T I NOTICE AN INDELICATE AROMA?... WHY ELSE? SINUS TROUBLE!

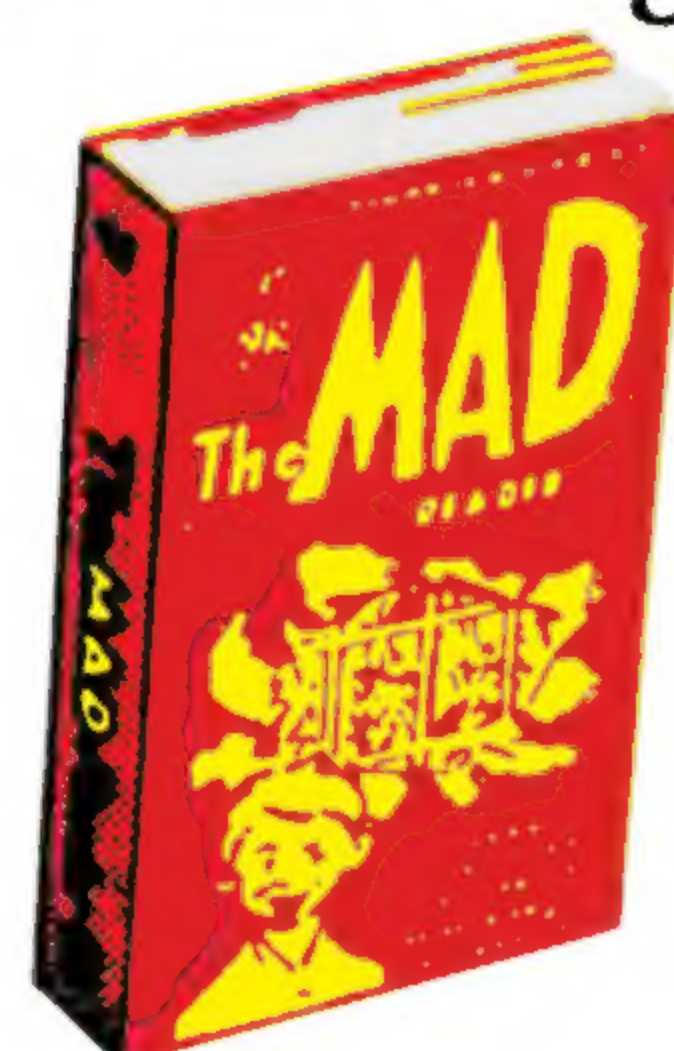


And now, for you MAD readers, an important, astounding, fantastic, dull announcement. We the editors are pleased to announce that a collection of MAD stories have been reprinted in a pocket-book-size edition entitled "The MAD Reader" (after you). For this collection, we have selected the cream of the crop (or the dregs of the earth, whichever the case may be). Yes . . . MAD is marching forward along the victorious path, striding to greater heights, making inroads, as ever, towards destroying minds.

This nauseating little package can be purchased for a trifling 35c. Don't be a cheap-skate . . . the object of scorn and ridicule. Scrape up this miserable 35c. We don't question where you get the money . . . whether it's hot or not.

For long hours of enjoyment and happiness, get this book. For the pleasure and entertainment of your friends, get this book. But mainly for the loot we make from the sale of each copy, get this book. Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! . . . (We're burning it into your brain, by George!)

Now go out to your drugstore, your newsstand, your candy store, anyplace they sell pocket-books, and buy . . . *buy* . . . BUY . . . the Farmer's Almanac. There's a useful magazine.



The MAD Reader

Here is the very important announcement.

Any you readers see a lost umbrella on the New Haven commuters' train last week? A black umbrella on the New Haven Commuters' train last week? We lost a good umbrella on the New Haven commuters' train last week. A man's umbrella with a wooden handle. With a piece of friction tape around the cracked part of the handle. We would appreciate information from whoever saw this umbrella on the New Haven Commuters' train last week.

Seriously, though it may come as a shock (or a pleasant surprise) to you, with this issue, #23, we are discontinuing MAD comic book.

But don't go away.

We're expanding MAD into a regular big 25c magazine with pictures, printed lettering, covers, and everything, gang. Boy, what exciting plans. Are we excited. Mainly since this may put us out of business, we're sick to our stomachs with excitement. Exciting plans are now under way to turn MAD into a regular large-sized adult magazine. For the past two years now, MAD has been dulling the senses of the country's youth. Now we get to work on the adults. As yet, we haven't determined our publication date, but the new MAD should be on the stands within 3 months. Now if each one of you good-old loyal MAD readers gets your parents to go out and buy 150 copies of the New MAD when it appears, we are bound to be a success. We know you'll do this little favor for us, eh, loyal readers?

End of important message.

—the Editors of MAD